FATHER KEMP'S

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

"ALL PLEASE SOUND."

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OLD FOLKS CONCERT MUSIC.

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of

BILLINGS, SWAN, HOLDEN, READ, KIMBALL, INGALLS AND OTHERS.

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AND DIVERS PATRIOTIC AND OTHER SONGS

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PREFACE.

I am no music-monger, nor have ever desired to be one. In that respect I cannot be charged with taking advantage of opportunities for gain, which have presented themselves, during five years successful management of Old Folks' Concerts,—and that amid an enthusiasm most favorable to large pecuniary profit.

I have given over nine hundred concerts. One million of persons, at a very low estimate, have listened to the music of olden-time as we have rendered it. Not a night but I am besieged with applicants for the old music;—constant inquiries. where can I get *this* or *that* gem?—even offering exorbitant prices for the books in our hands

Wishing to avoid all appearance of catch-penny, I have never sought to supply this demand; but have always referred them to the reprints of the day,—particularly to the "*Continental Harmony*," published by the Messrs. Ditson & Co. of Boston. I should not have engaged in the preparation of this, had not the necessity arisen for such a work, in connection with my future plans for Concerts and Conventions, upon a more extended scale than has ever marked my former efforts. I propose that all our patrons shall become members of my class, for the time being;—all sing with us, or at least have the opportunity to do so. For this purpose I *need* a cheap book, with tunes judiciously selected from the best authors. Such is here presented, and at a price any one of its gems would ordinarily command.

Permit me to say, that my business has led me into an extensive acquaintance with the masses, my knowledge of music, my familiarity with the wants and wishes of the people, qualify me in some good degree for this service. I have exercised my best discrimination in selecting such pieces only as are most popular with the majority, in different sections of the land.

The secular department will be found an interesting feature of this book. The National Anthems are inserted as sung by us in all our concerts. I have snatched several old songs, that were going over the chasm of forgetfulness. They are not to be found in any of the published works. They were mostly written in that happy vein, in which the Old Folks cheerfully adapted themselves to circumstances.

I send this forth confident that our patrons, and all lovers of genuine music, will give it welcome. I hope it will find its way into the hands of the masses;—that its solemn strains may produce deep and lasting impressions;—that their original power may yet be felt in stirring up souls to an active interest in holy things;—and as they have been a medium of rapture in the past, so may they be in the future, until we shall take, from their soul-subduing sounds, that spirit of humility which so adorned the life of our *Great Exemplar*, preparing us for that endless song upon which the fathers have entered.

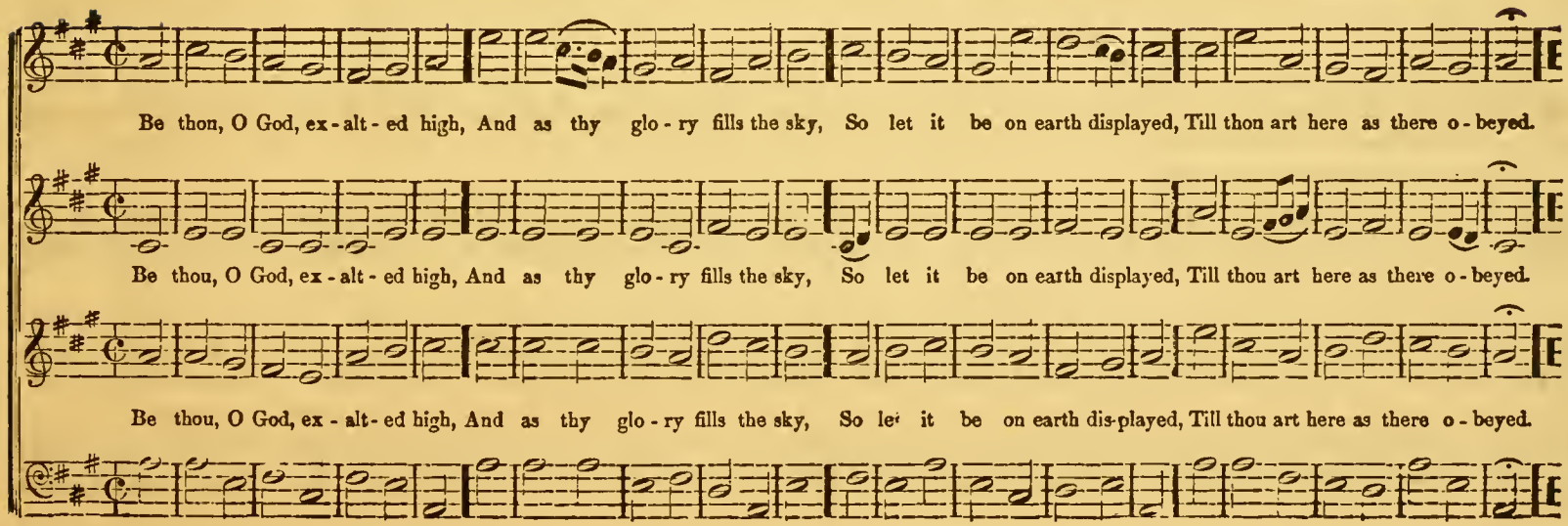
The present editior has been enlarged from 64 to 96 pages—many old favorites having been added, both sacred and secular

FATHER KEMP

OLD FOLKS CONCERT TUNES.

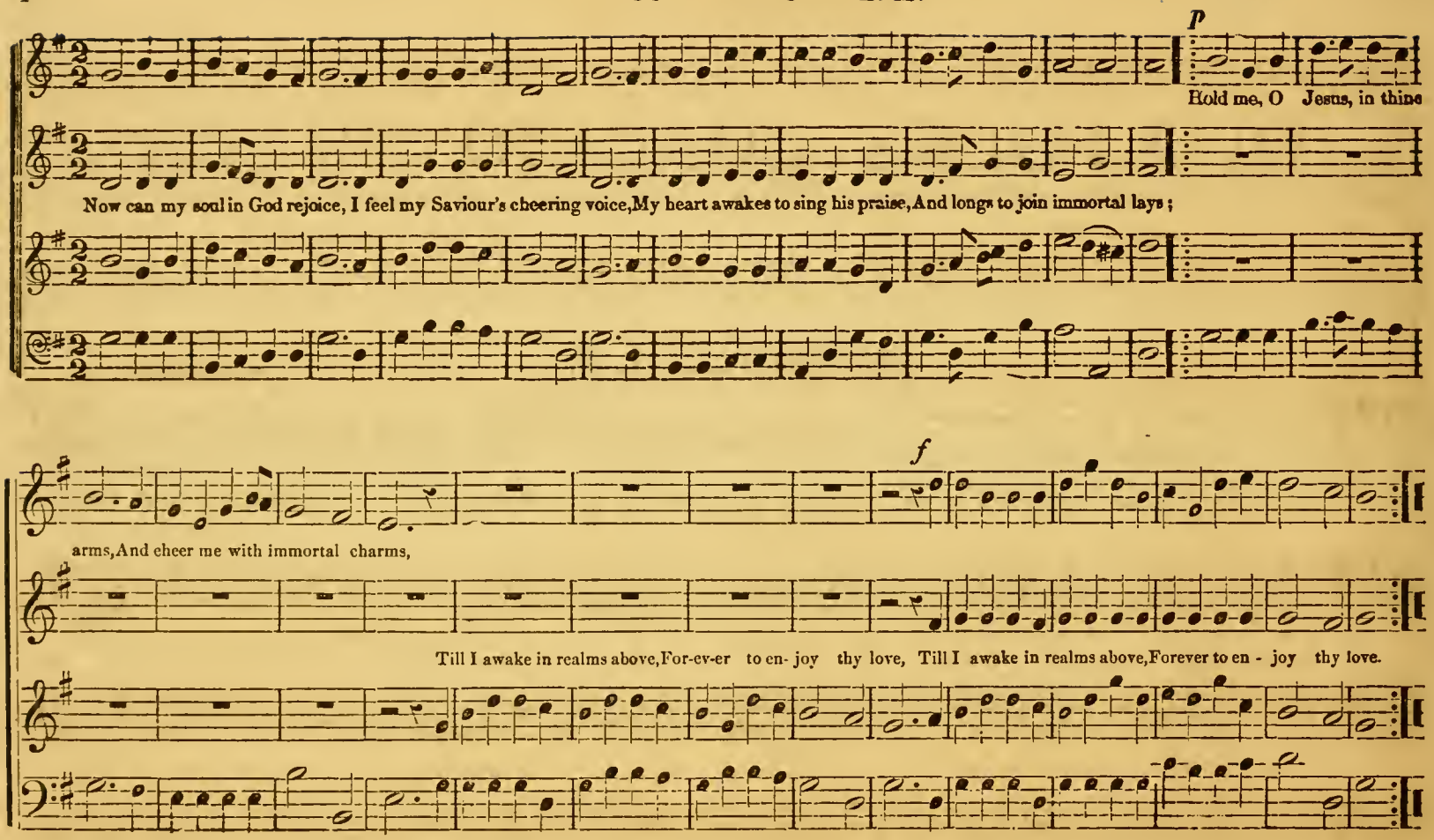
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.



CONFIDENCE. L. M.

HOLDEN.



BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

He in full majes - ty appears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

My soul, thy great Creator praise, When cloth'd in his celestial rays, He in full majesty appears, And like a robe his glory wear-

He in full ma-jes-ty appears, He in full majes - ty appears, And like a robe his glory wears.

He in full majesty appears, He in full majes - ty appears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

GERMAN HYMN. L. M.

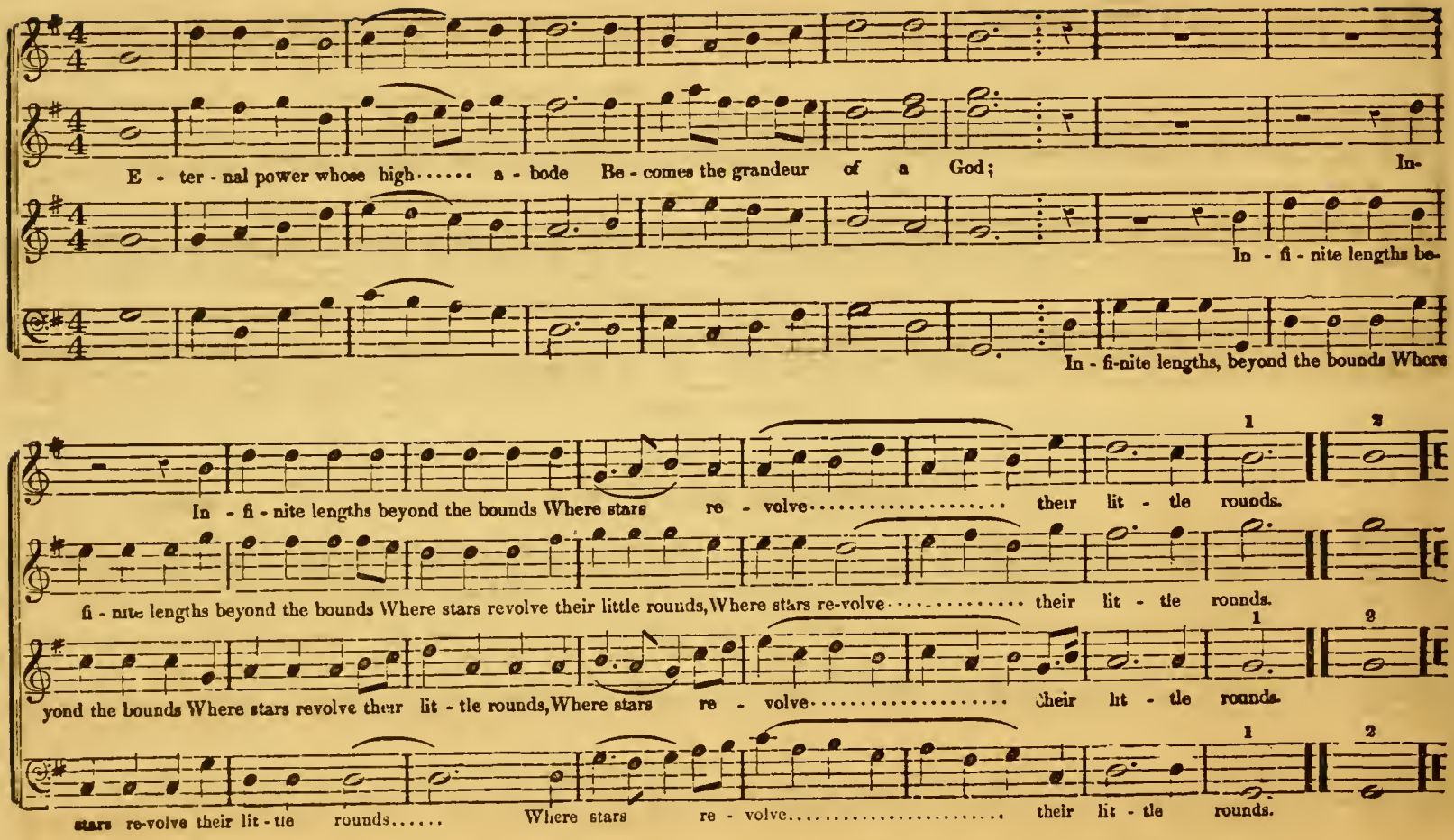
PLEYEL.

Very slow.

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour! So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on-ly blooms to die.

BLUE HILL. L. M.

BELKNAP.



MONTGOMERY. C. M.

MORGAN.

Ear - ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, ... With-

My thirst - y spir - it faints a - - - way, ...

Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, ... With-

out thy cheering grace; So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a

So pil-grims on the scorch - - ing sand, Be-neath a burning sky,

out thy cheer-ing grace; So pil-grims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Be-neath a burn-ing sky,

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pil-grims on the scorch - - ing sand, Be-neath a burn-ing sky

MONTGOMERY. Concluded.

cool - ing stream at hand,..... Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Long for a cool-ing stream, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Long for a cool-ing stream..... at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Long for a cooling stream at hand,

MEAR. C. M.

WILLIAMS' COLL.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly say, Up, Is - rael, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly say, Up, Is - rael, to thy tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - adem, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - adem, And crown him Lord of all.
3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all ma - jes-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all. To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er-las-ting song, And crown him Lord of all. We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Ye ho - ly throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song.

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise.

Ye ho-ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light begin. &c.

Ye ho-ly throng of angels bright, Ye, &c.

Ye ho-ly throng Of angel's bright. Ye, &c.

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and vic - to - ry, With -

With -

- in thy tem - ple sound, sound, With - in thy tem - ple sound, With - in thy tem - ple sound.

With - in thy tem - ple sound,

- in thy tem - ple sound..... .....

RAINBOW. C. M.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command, And

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy com -

The sea grows calm

roar..... ..... And tempests cease to roar,..... ..... And tempests cease to roar.

tempests cease to roar,..... And tempests cease to roar,.. ..... And tempests cease to roar.

mand, And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar,..... .. And tempests cease to roar.

at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.....

NEW DURHAM. C. M.

AUSTIN.

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair; Each pleasure hath its

Each

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair; Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And

Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a

poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare,..... Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

pleas - ure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare, Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

ev' - ry sweet a snare,..... Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

snare,.. .....

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE." (BETHANY.)

DR. MASON.

TENOR.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee: Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee.
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee.

ALTO.

3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n; All that thou sendest me In mercy given, An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
4. Or, if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

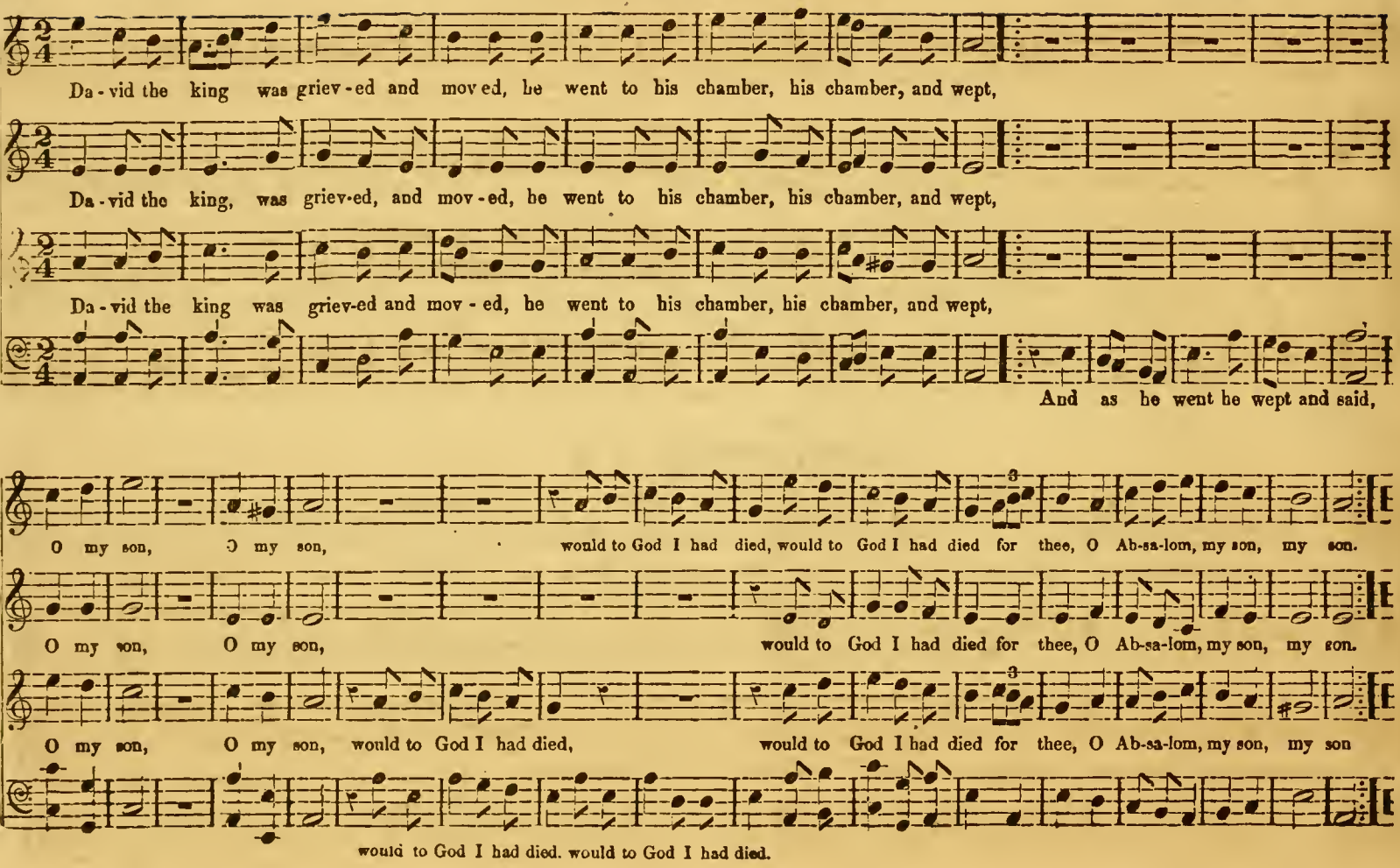
AIR.

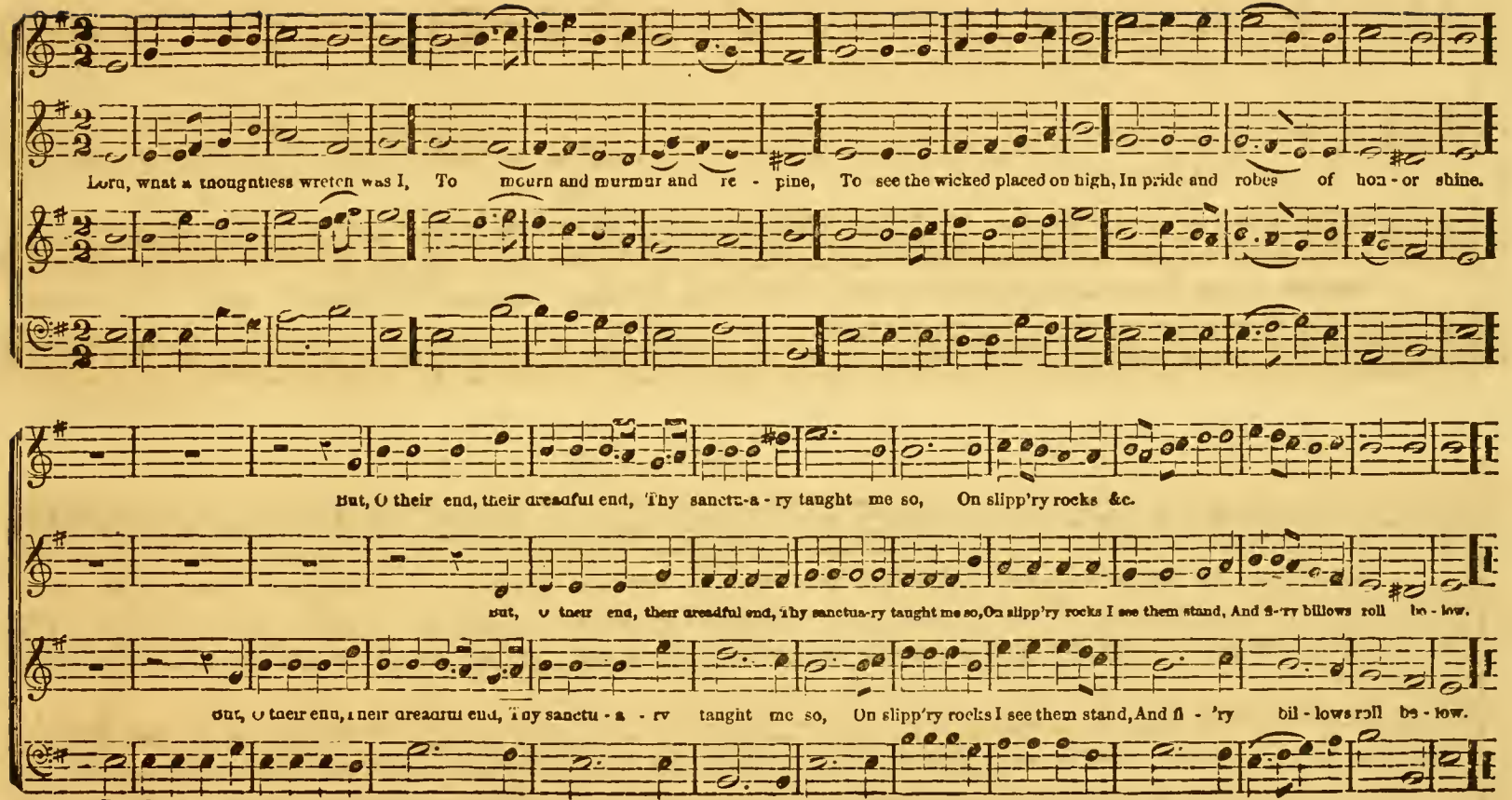
SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

Tenor.


Da-vid the king was griev-ed and mov ed, he went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept,
Da-vid the king, was griev-ed, and mov-ed, he went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept,
Da-vid the king was griev-ed and mov-ed, he went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept,
And as he went he wept and said,
O my son, O my son, would to God I had died, would to God I had died for thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son.
O my son, O my son, would to God I had died for thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son.
O my son, O my son, would to God I had died, would to God I had died for thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son
would to God I had died. would to God I had died.


Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.
But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctu-a - ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks &c.
But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctua-ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi-ry billows roll be - low.
But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctu - a - ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - ry bil - lows roll be - low.
But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc - - tu - a - - ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks, &c.

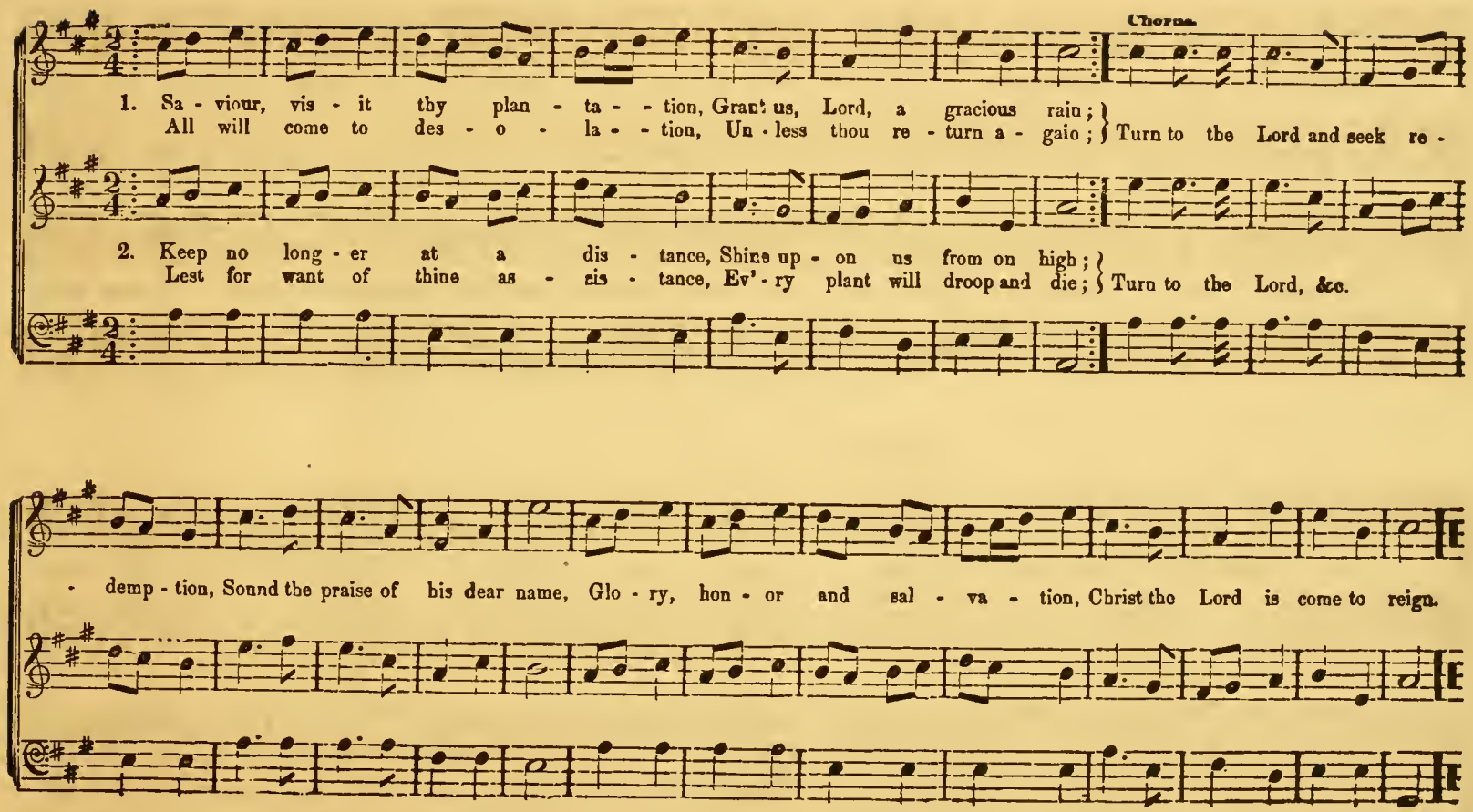
BOSTON. C. M.

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an - gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their cheerful notes, So mer - ri - ly they sing.

Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of an - gels on the wing, Methinks I hear their cheerful notes, So mer - ri - ly they sing.

"Let all your fears be banished hence; Glad tidings we proclaim, For there's a Saviour born to - day, And Je - sus is his name."

"Let all your fears be banished hence; Glad tidings we proclaim, For there's a Saviour born to - day, And Je - sus is his name."


Chorus.
1. Sa - viour, vis - it thy plan - ta - - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to des - o - la - - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain;
Turn to the Lord and seek re -
2. Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high;
Lest for want of thine as - sis - tance, Ev' - ry plant will droop and die;
Turn to the Lord, &c.
- demp - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name, Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

RUSSIA. L. M.

READ.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a balance both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a balance both ap - pear Light as a puff of empty air.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a balance both appear Light as a puff of empty air, Light as a puff of empty air.

Laid in a balance both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, Light as a puff of empty air.

LISBON. S. M.

READ.

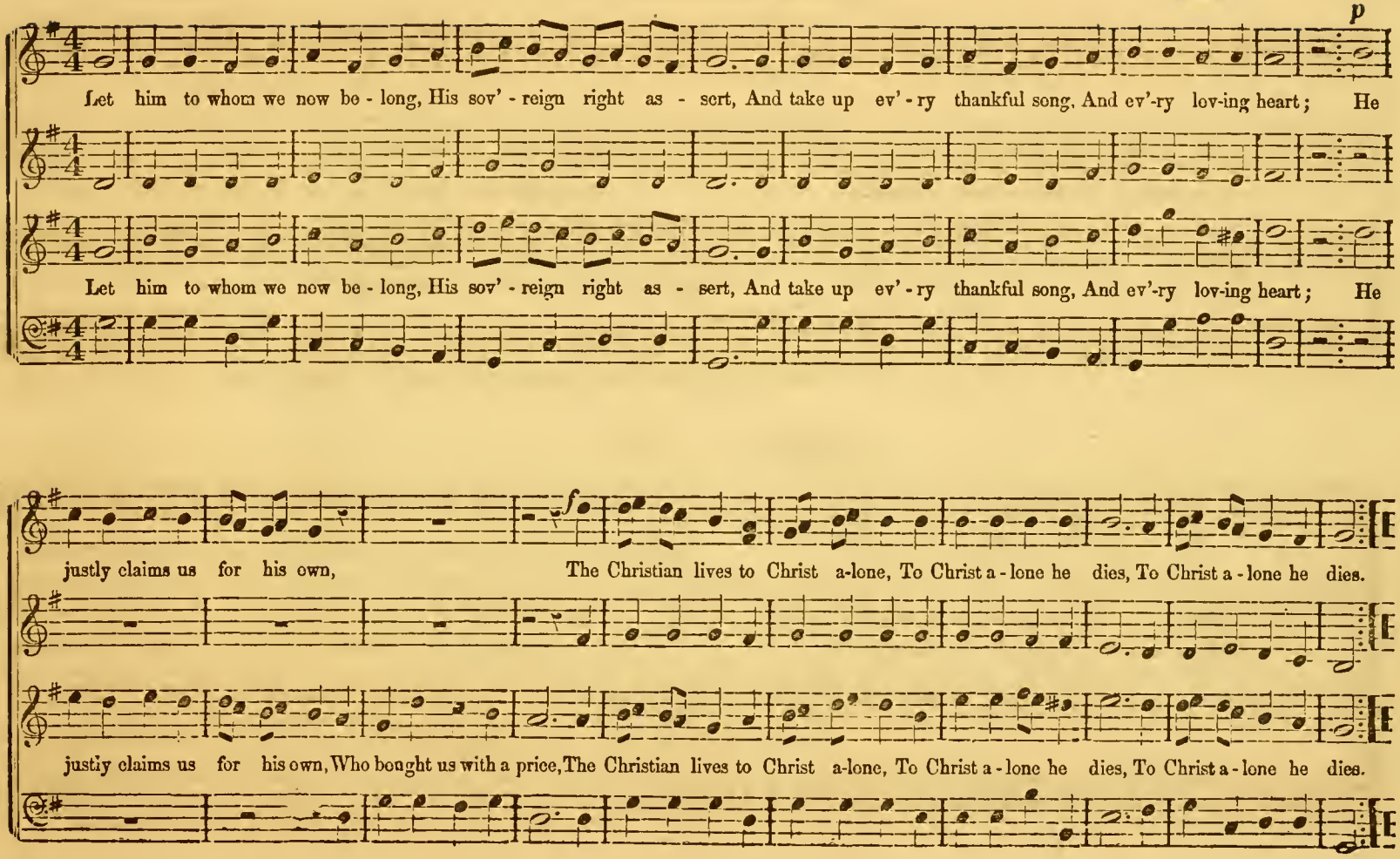
Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

PLAINFIELD. C. M.



NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS.

Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And, &c.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,.... And bring the wel-come day.

Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring, &c.

Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And, &c.

DEVOTION. L. M.

READ.

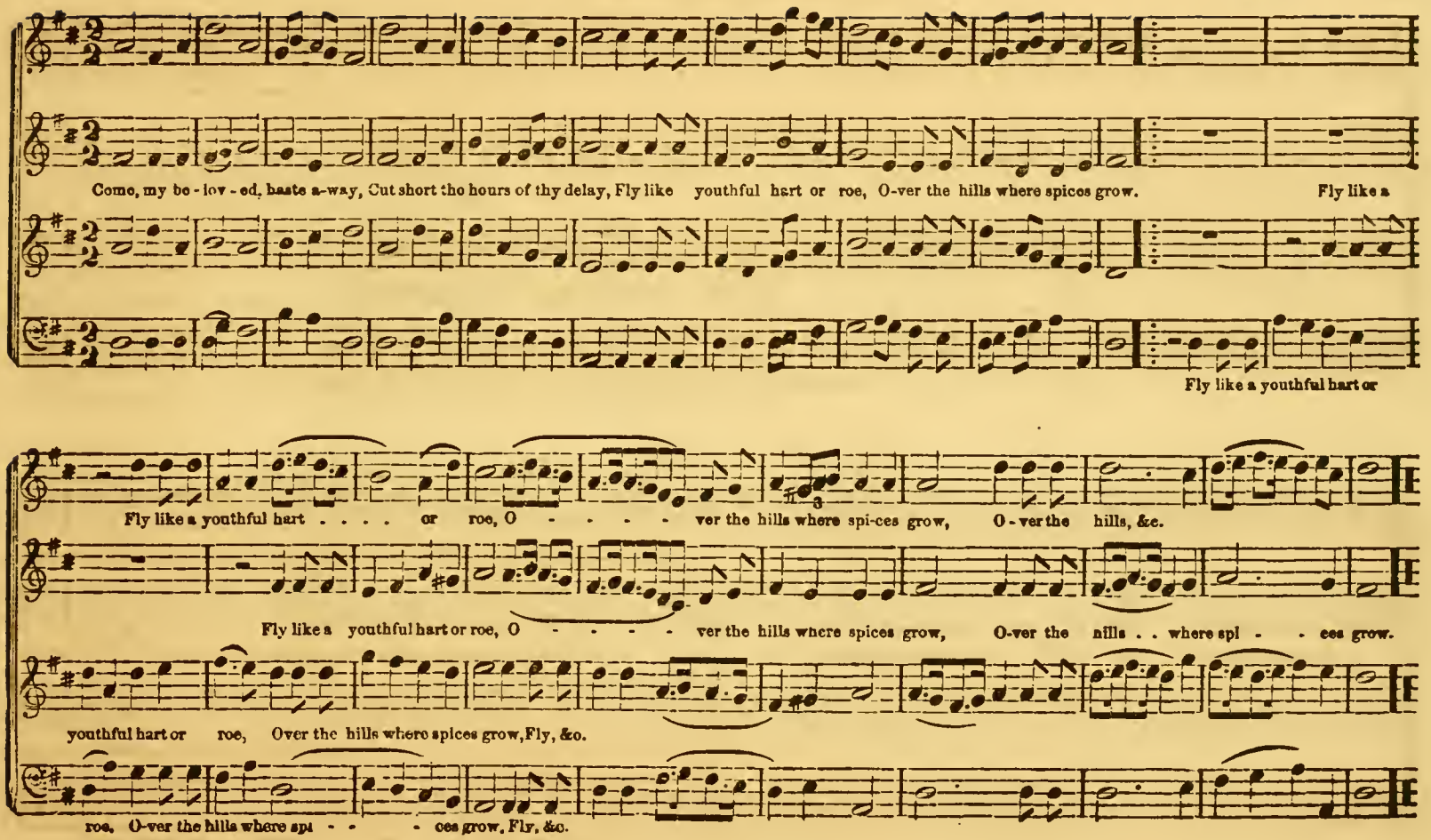
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound

INVITATION. L. M.



SHERBURNE. C. M.

S

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

S

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - ry shone around, And

glo - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around, The an-gel, of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.....

shone around, And glo - - ry shone around, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round.....

glo - - ry shone a round, The angel, &c. And glo-ry shone a - round....

S

glo - - - - ry shone around. The an-gel, of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.....

MOUNT SION. S. M.

The hill of Si - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then

Then let our songs a-

Then let our songs a - bound, And ev'- ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high, We're

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground We're

let our songs a - bound, And ev'- ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high, We're marching thro', We re

bound. And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're &c.

MOUNT SION. Concluded.

marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're march - - - - - ing thro', We're, &c.

marching thro', We're, &c. To fairer worlds, To fair - er worlds, To fair-er worlds on high, We're marching thro' Imman-uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

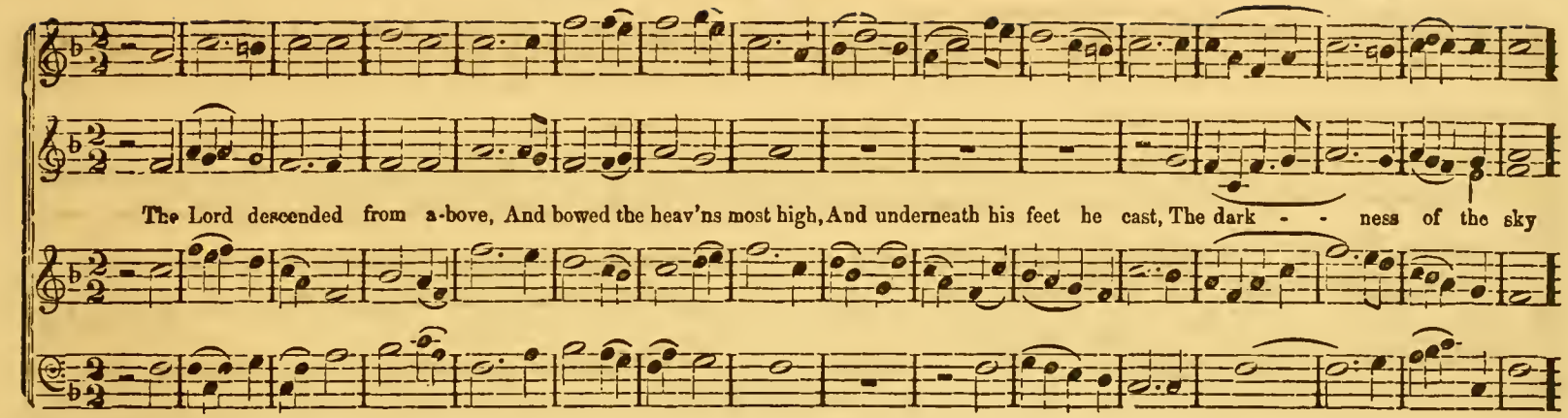
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're march - - - - - - - ing thro', We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

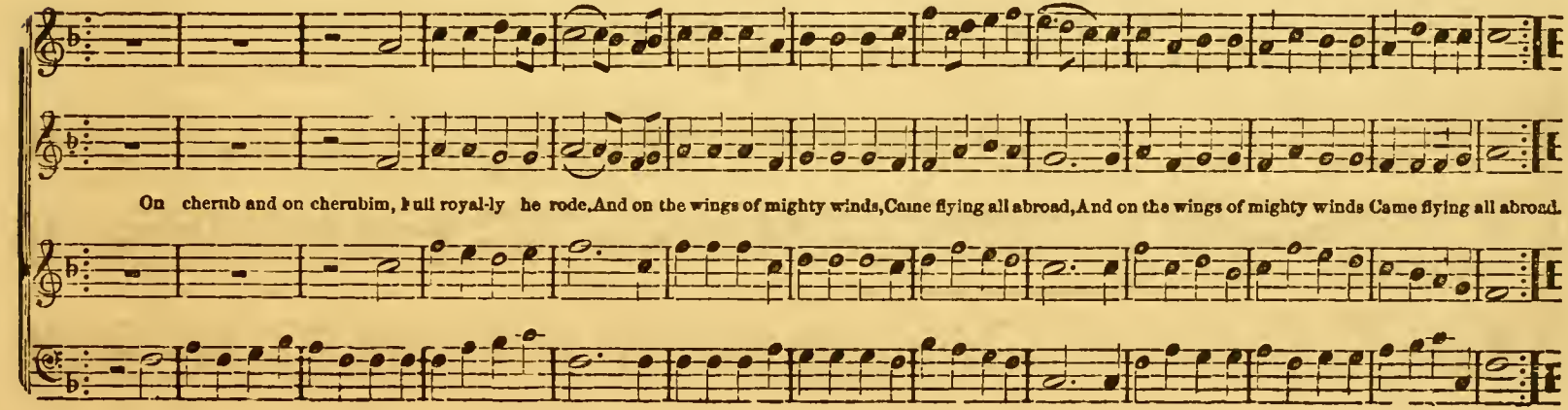
marching thro', We're marching thro', We're marching, march-ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're, &c.

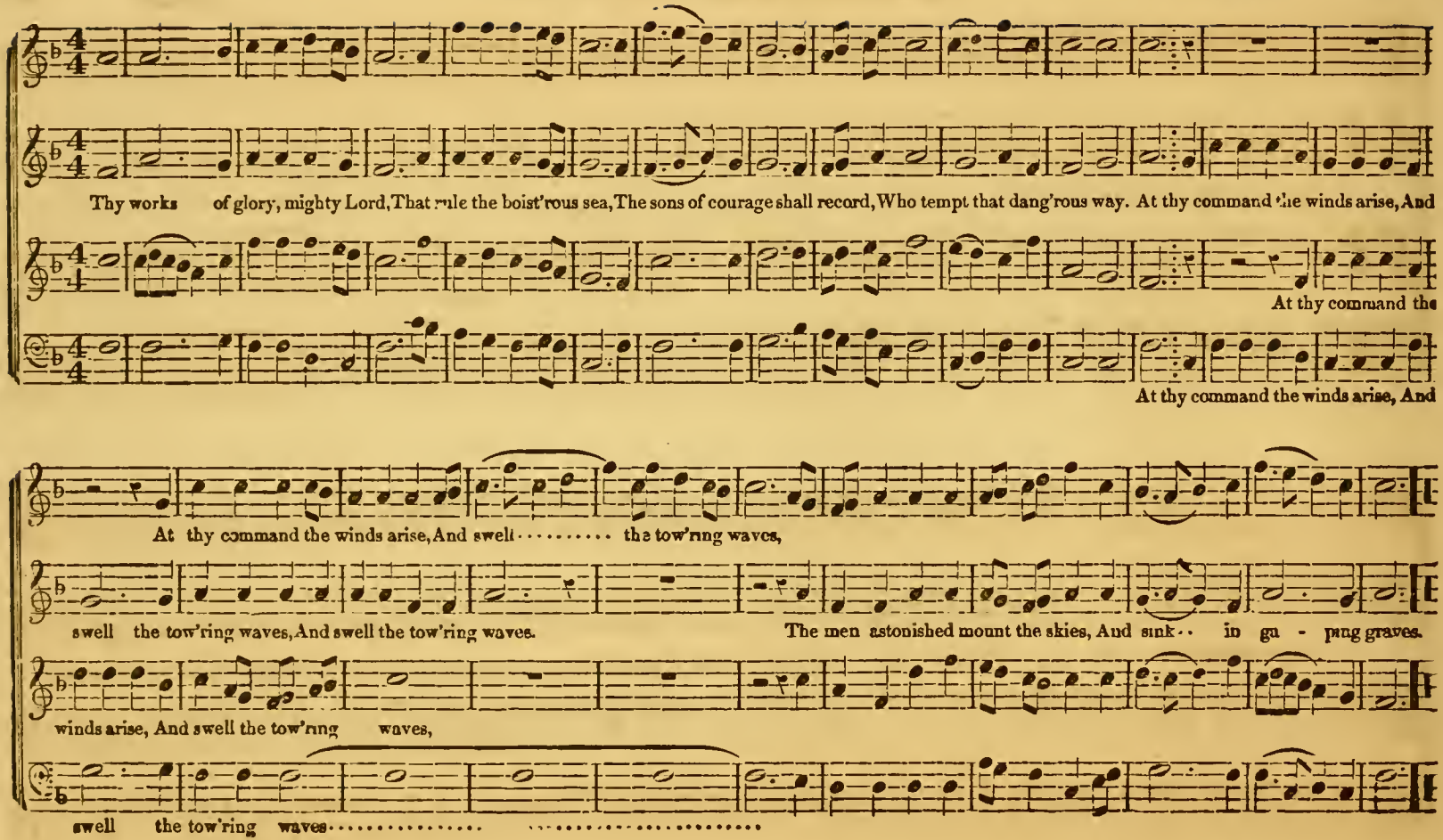
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS' COLL.

The Lord on high pro-claims His God-head from his throne; Mer - cy and jus-tice are the names By which I will be known


The Lord descended from a-bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast, The dark - - ness of the sky


On cherub and on cherubim, Full royal-ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.


Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And
At thy command the
At thy command the winds arise, And
At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves,
swell the tow'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves.
The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in ga - ping graves.
winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves,
swell the tow'ring waves

The New-Je - ru - sa-lem comes down, a - dorn'd..... with

From the third heav'n where God resides, That ho-ly, hap-py place, The New-Je-ru salem comes down, A

The New-Je - ru - sa - lem, comes down, A-dorn'd..... with shi-ning grace

The New-Je-ru - sa - lem, comes down, A-dorn'd..... with shi-ning grace. The

shin - ing grace, The New-Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd, &c.

- - dorn'd..... with shin - ing grace, A dorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

The New-Je - ru - sa - lem comes down,

New Je ru sa - lem comes down, A-dorn'd with shin-ing grace,

Come shed abroad a Saviour's love, And

Come, Holy Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come shed abroad a

Come shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come shed abroad a

Come shed abroad a Sav - - - iour's love, And that shall kindle

that shall kin - - - - - dle ours,

Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, Come shed abroad a Saviour's love And that shall kin - dle ours.

Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours,

ours, And that shall kin - dle ours.

WINDSOR. C. M.

KIRBY.

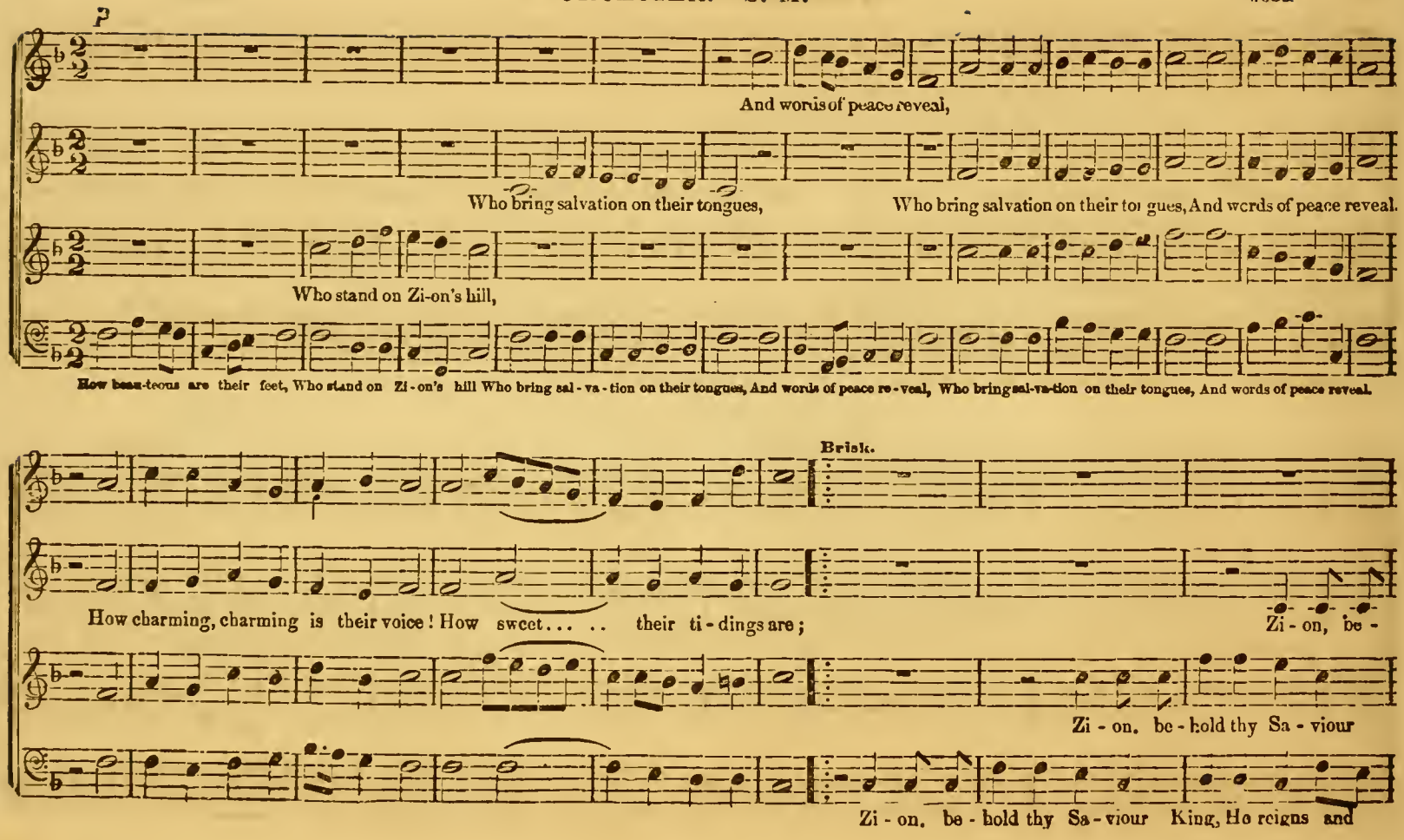
Slow

That aw-ful day will sure-ly come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.

O thou, to whom all crea-tures bow, With - in this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name.


P
And words of peace reveal,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.
Who stand on Zi-on's hill,
How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal, Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.
Brisk.
How charming, charming is their voice! How sweet . . . . . their ti-dings are;
Zi-on, be-
Zi-on, be-hold thy Sa-viour
Zi-on, be-hold thy Sa-viour King, He reigns and

WORCESTER. (Concluded.)

Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here,

hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here.

King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here.

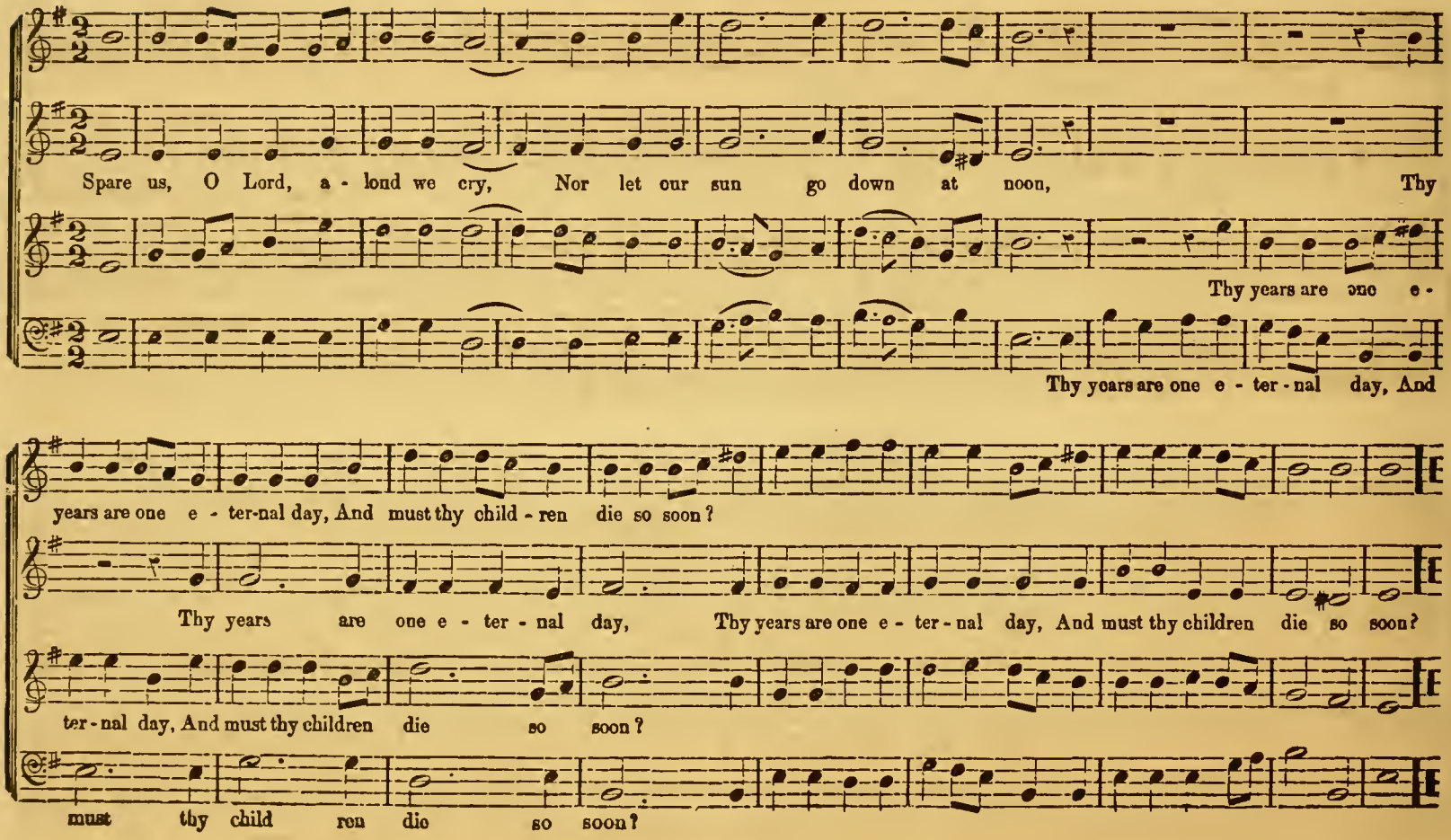
triumphs here, Zi-on, behold thy Sav - iour King, ... He reigns and triumphs here,

CHESTER. L. M.

BILLINGS

Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, Those spacious fields of bril-liant light, Where sun and moon, and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.

COMPLAINT. L. M.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M

DR. RANDALL.

Sal-vation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cor-dial for our fears, A cor-dial for our fears.

A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

Sal-vation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cor-dial for our fears, A cor dial for our fears.

CHINA. C. M.

Slow.

T. SWAN.

Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends, To call them to his arms.

Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends, To call them to his arms.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.

MAXIM.

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Sav - iour dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know,

Where he is gone they

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Sav-iour dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know, That

Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and

That they may seek and love him too. Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

fain would know, That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

love him too, That they may seek and love him too,

Ye sons of men with joy record, The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power and good - ness sound, Thro' all your tribes the world around.

Ye sons of men with joy record, The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power and good - ness sound, Thro' all your tribes the world around.

Ye sons of men with joy record, The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power and good - ness sound, Thro' all your tribes the world around. Let

Let the high heavens your

Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spa - cious fields of bril-liant light, Where sun, and..... moon, and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.

Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun and moon, and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole.... to pole.

the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,..... And stars that glow from pole to pole.

songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Those spa - cious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and plan-ets roll And stars that glow from pole to pole

PORTLAND. L. M.

MAXIM.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound, Like

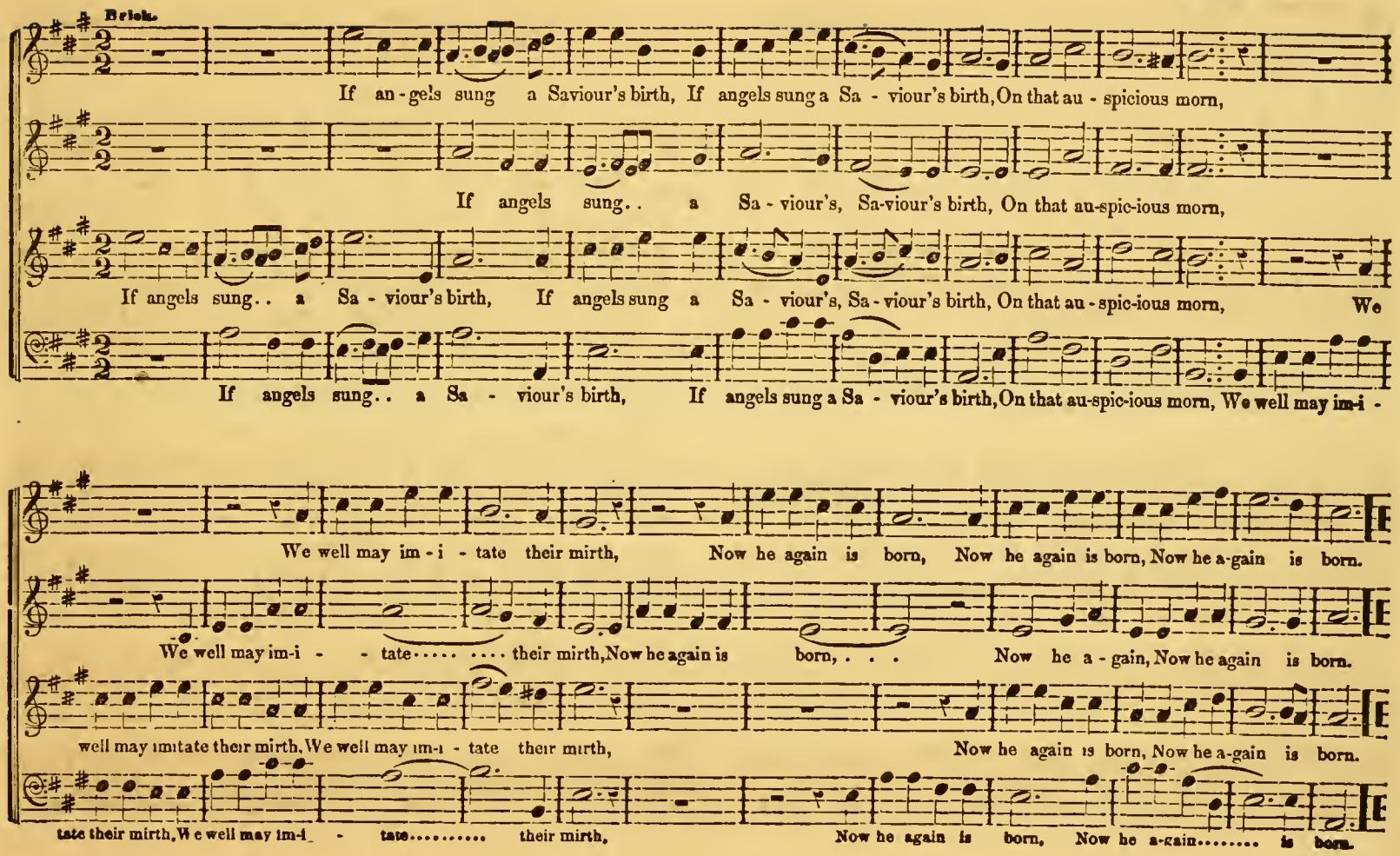
O may my heart in tune be found,..... Like David's harp of sol-emn sound,.

solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune..... be found,..... Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound

..... O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - - emn sound Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.


Brisk.
If an-gels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung a Sa - viour's birth, On that au - spicious morn,
If angels sung.. a Sa - viour's, Sa-viour's birth, On that au-spic-ious morn,
If angels sung.. a Sa - viour's birth, If angels sung a Sa - viour's, Sa - viour's birth, On that au - spic-ious morn, We
If angels sung.. a Sa - viour's birth, If angels sung a Sa - viour's birth, On that au-spic-ious morn, We well may im-i -
We well may im - i - tate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he again is born, Now he a-gain is born.
We well may im-i - - tate..... .... their mirth, Now he again is born, . . . Now he a - gain, Now he again is born.
well may imitate their mirth, We well may im-i - tate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he a-gain is born.
tate their mirth, We well may im-i - tate..... their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he a-gain..... is born.

Allegro. Per. Pia.

CHORUS.

Powerful slinging, headlong bringing, proud Go-liath to the ground.

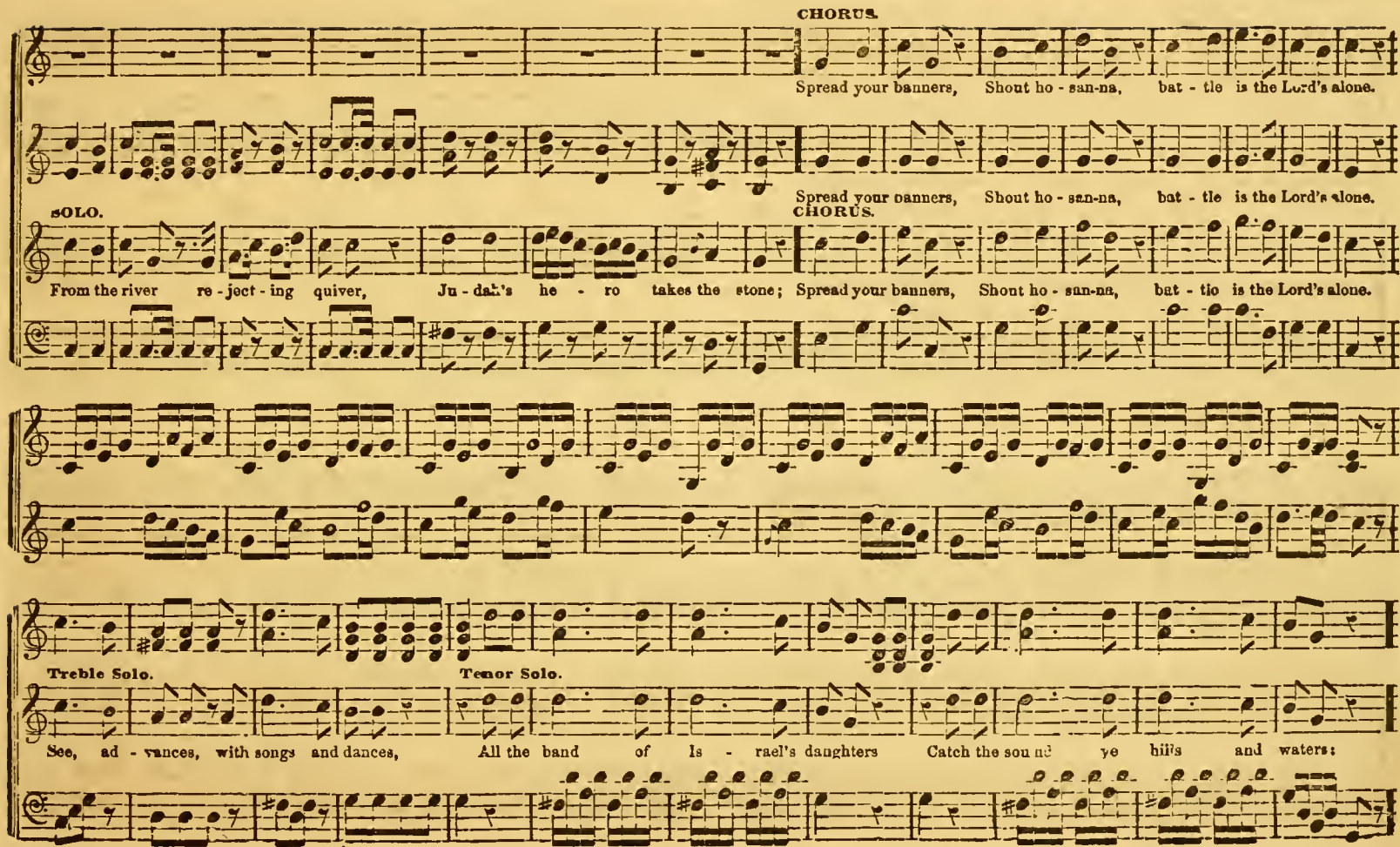
Powerful slinging, headlong bringing, proud Go-liath to the ground.

SOLO.

Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal, Let the trump of triumph sound;

CHORUS.

Powerful slinging, headlong bringing, proud Go-liath to the ground.


CHORUS.
Spread your banners, Shout ho - san-na, bat - tle is the Lord's alone.
Spread your banners, Shout ho - san-na, bat - tle is the Lord's alone.
SOLO.
CHORUS.
From the river re - ject - ing quiver, Ju - dah's he - ro takes the stone; Spread your banners, Shout ho - san-na, bat - tle is the Lord's alone.
Treble Solo.
Tenor Solo.
See, ad - vances, with songs and dances, All the band of Is - rael's daughters Catch the sound ye hills and waters:

STRIKE THE CYMBAL. Continued.

CHORUS.

Spread your banners Shout ho - san-nas, bat - tle is the Lord's alone.

Spread your banners, Shout ho - san-nas, bat - tle is the Lord's alone

CHORUS.

Spread your banners, Shout ho - san-nas, bat - tle is the Lord's alone.

TRIO

God of thunder rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis - tia boasts.

CHORUS.

What are nations? What their stations?

What are nations? What their stations?

God of thunder rend a - sun - der All the power Phi - lis tia boasts. What are nations? What their stations?

CHORUS

Israel's God is Lord of hosts To the dust Jehovah brings. Praise him, ex

Israel's God is Lord of hosts. To the dust Jehovah brings. Praise him, ex

Solo, slower. Faster.

Israel's God is Lord of hosts. What are haughty monarchs now? Lo, before Je - ho - vah bow; Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Je - ho - vah brings; Praise him, Praise him, ex

Inst. Voice.

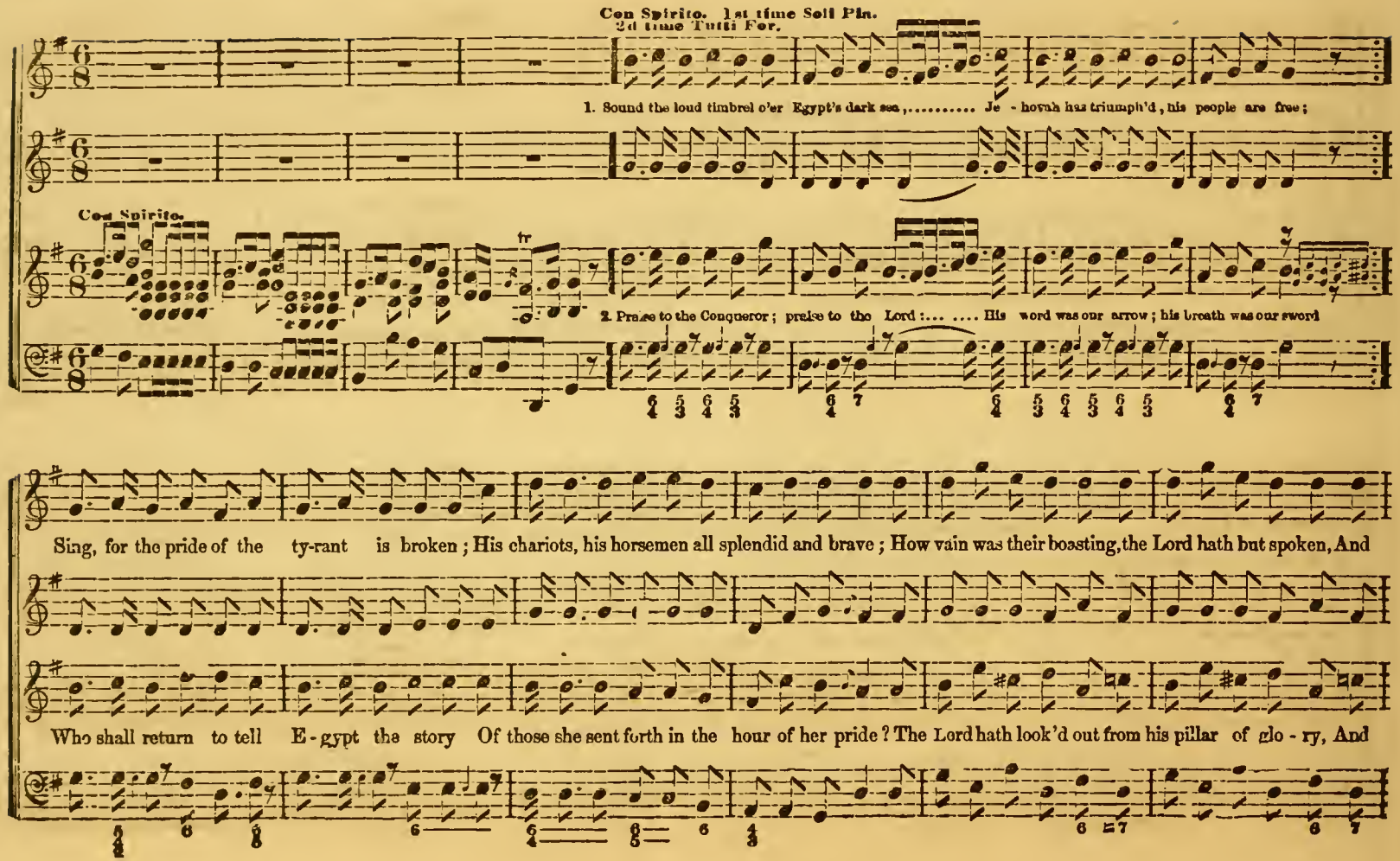
ulting nations praise, Praise him, exulting nations praise; Hosan - na, Hosan - na, Ho - - san - - - - na.....

Inst.

ulting nations praise, Praise him, exulting nations praise; Hosan - na, Hosan - na, Ho - - san - - - na.....

ulting nations praise, Praise him, Praise him, exulting nations praise; Hosan - na, Hosan - na, Ho - - san - - - - na.....

Instrument. Voice.


Con Spirito. 1st time Soli Pin.
2d time Tutti For.
1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,..... Je - hovah has triumph'd, his people are free;
Con Spirito.
tr
2. Praise to the Conqueror; praise to the Lord :... .... His word was our arrow; his breath was our sword
Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is broken; His chariots, his horsemen all splendid and brave; How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken, And
Who shall return to tell E-gypt the story Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glo - ry, And

For

1st time Soli. Pia.
2d time Tutti. For.

1st time.

chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;..... Je - ho-vah has triumph'd; his people are free.

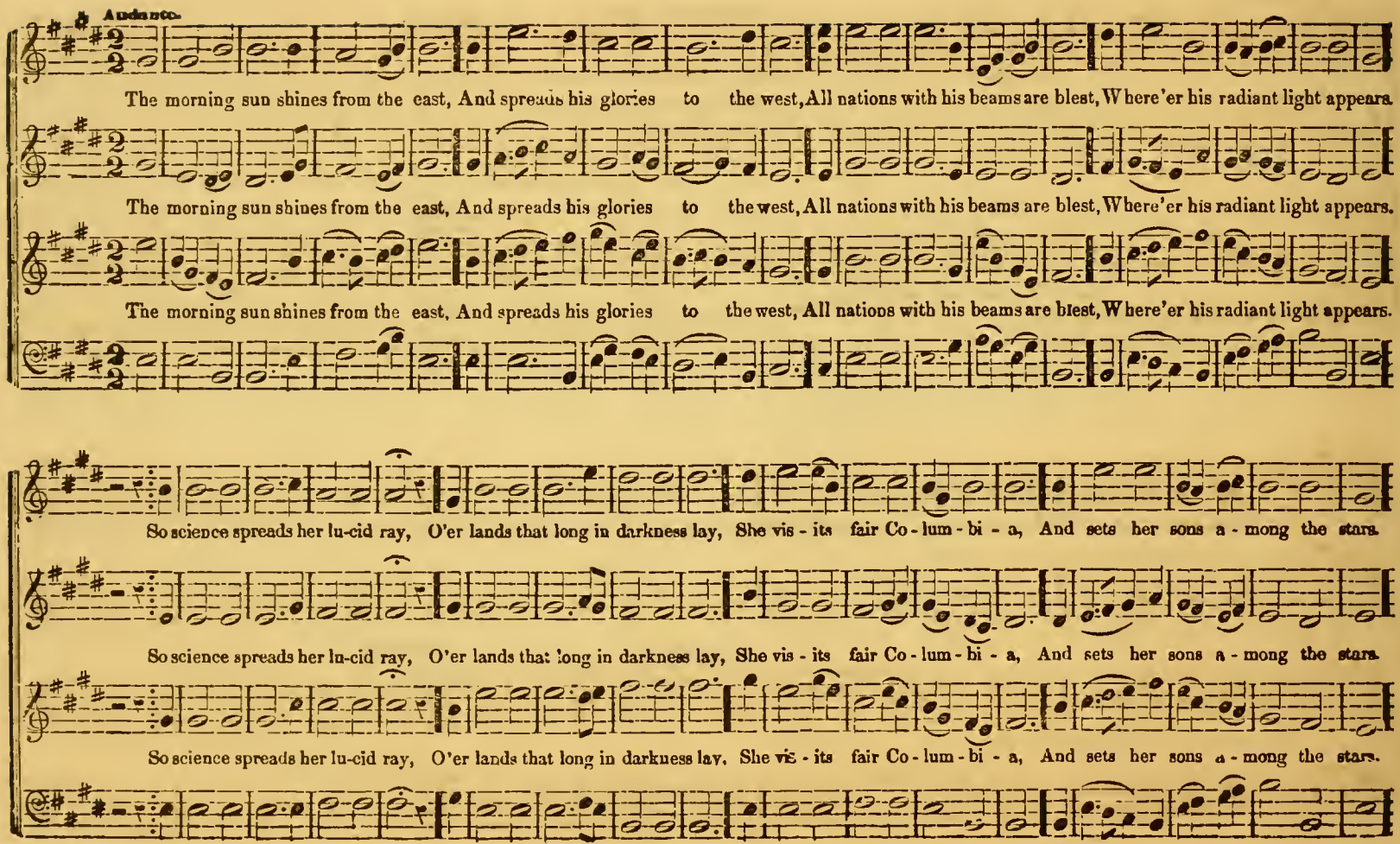
all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide. Praise to the Conqueror; praise to the Lord;..... His word was our arrow; his breath was our sword,

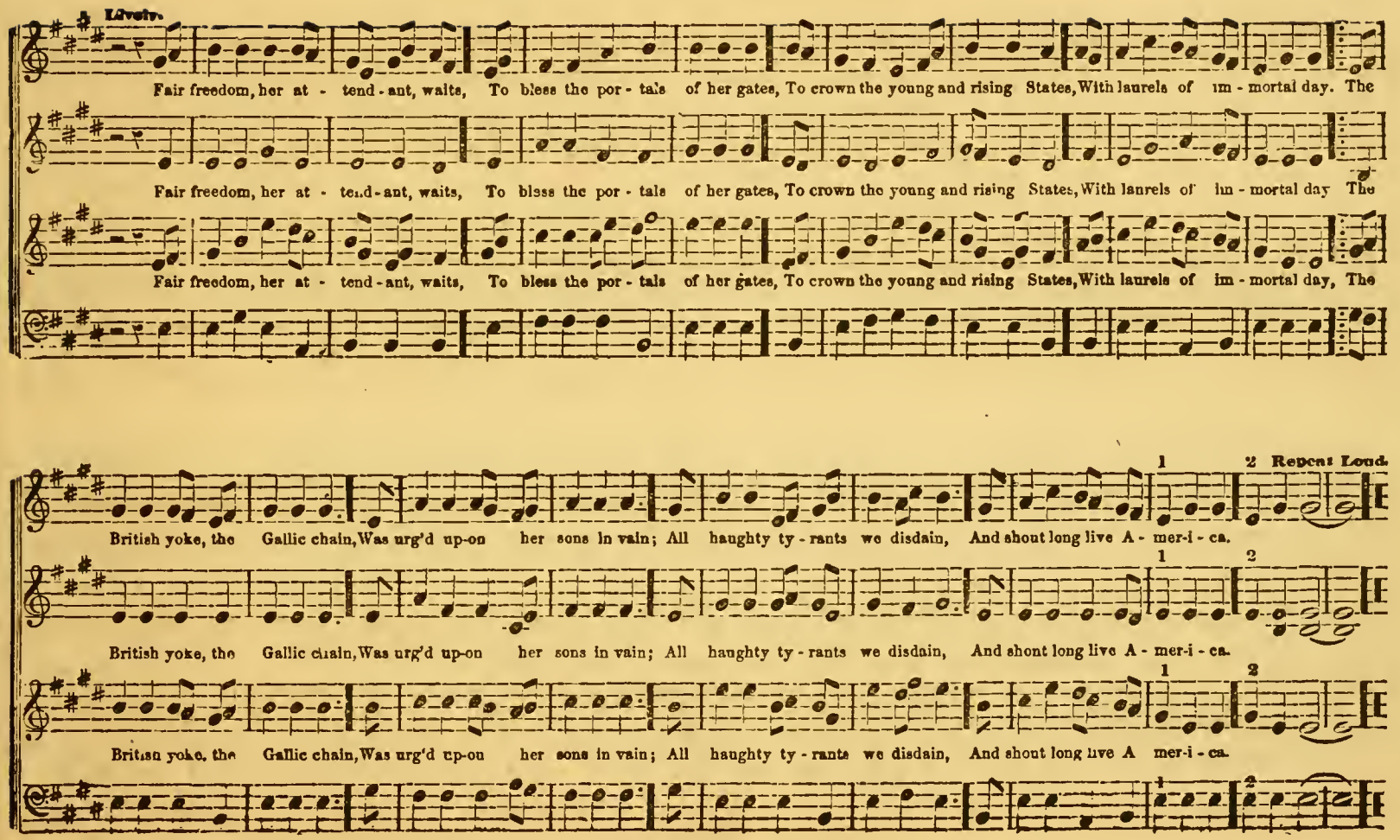
2d time. Coda Fortis.

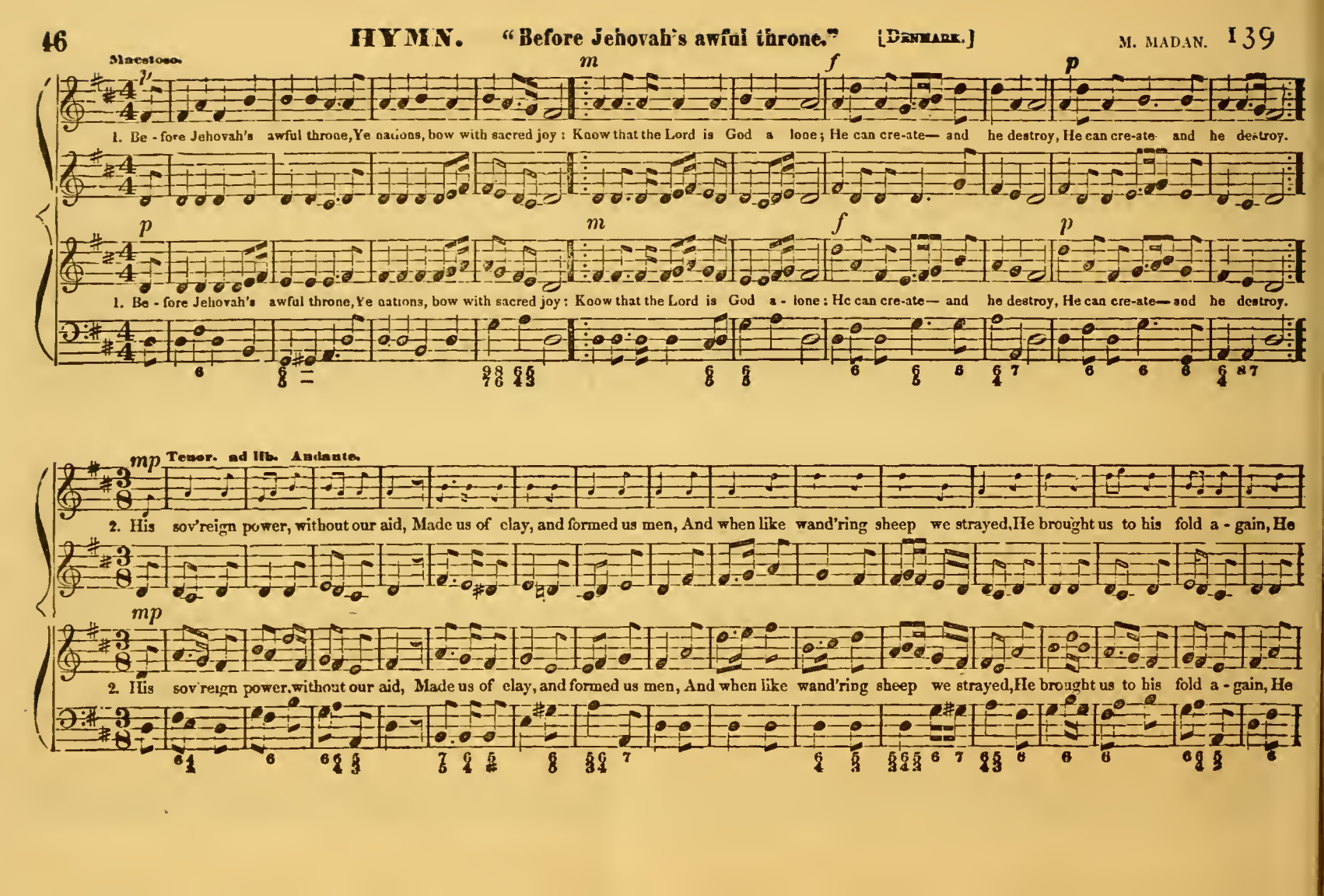
people are free. His people are free, his people are free.

For.

breath was our sword, His breath was our sword, His breath was our sword.


Andante.
The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads his glories to the west, All nations with his beams are blest, Where'er his radiant light appears.
The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads his glories to the west, All nations with his beams are blest, Where'er his radiant light appears.
The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads his glories to the west, All nations with his beams are blest, Where'er his radiant light appears.
So science spreads her lu-cid ray, O'er lands that long in darkness lay, She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.
So science spreads her lu-cid ray, O'er lands that long in darkness lay, She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.
So science spreads her lu-cid ray, O'er lands that long in darkness lay, She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.


Lively.
Fair freedom, her at - tend - ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising States, With laurels of im - mortal day. The
Fair freedom, her at - tend - ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising States, With laurels of im - mortal day The
Fair freedom, her at - tend - ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising States, With laurels of im - mortal day, The
British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urg'd up-on her sons in vain; All haughty ty - rants we disdain, And shout long live A - mer-i - ca.
Repeat Loud.
British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urg'd up-on her sons in vain; All haughty ty - rants we disdain, And shout long live A - mer-i - ca.
British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urg'd up-on her sons in vain; All haughty ty - rants we disdain, And shout long live A mer-i - ca.


Maestoso.
m
f
p
1. Be - fore Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy: Know that the Lord is God a lone; He can cre-ate— and he destroy, He can cre-ate and he destroy.
p
m
f
p
1. Be - fore Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre-ate— and he destroy, He can cre-ate— and he destroy.
mp
Tenor. ad lib. Andante.
2. His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He
mp
2. His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He

f Con spirito. *ff* *m*

brought us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heaven, our voi - ces raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten

f *ff*

brought us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heaven, our voi - ces raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten

Unison.

f

thou-sand, thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise.

thou-sand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise.

Unison. Unison.

f f

5. Wide—wide as the world, is thy command, Vast, as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni-ty, thy love; Firm, as a rock, thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall

f p f

5. Wide—wide as the world, is thy command, Vast, as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni-ty, thy love; Firm, as a rock, thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall

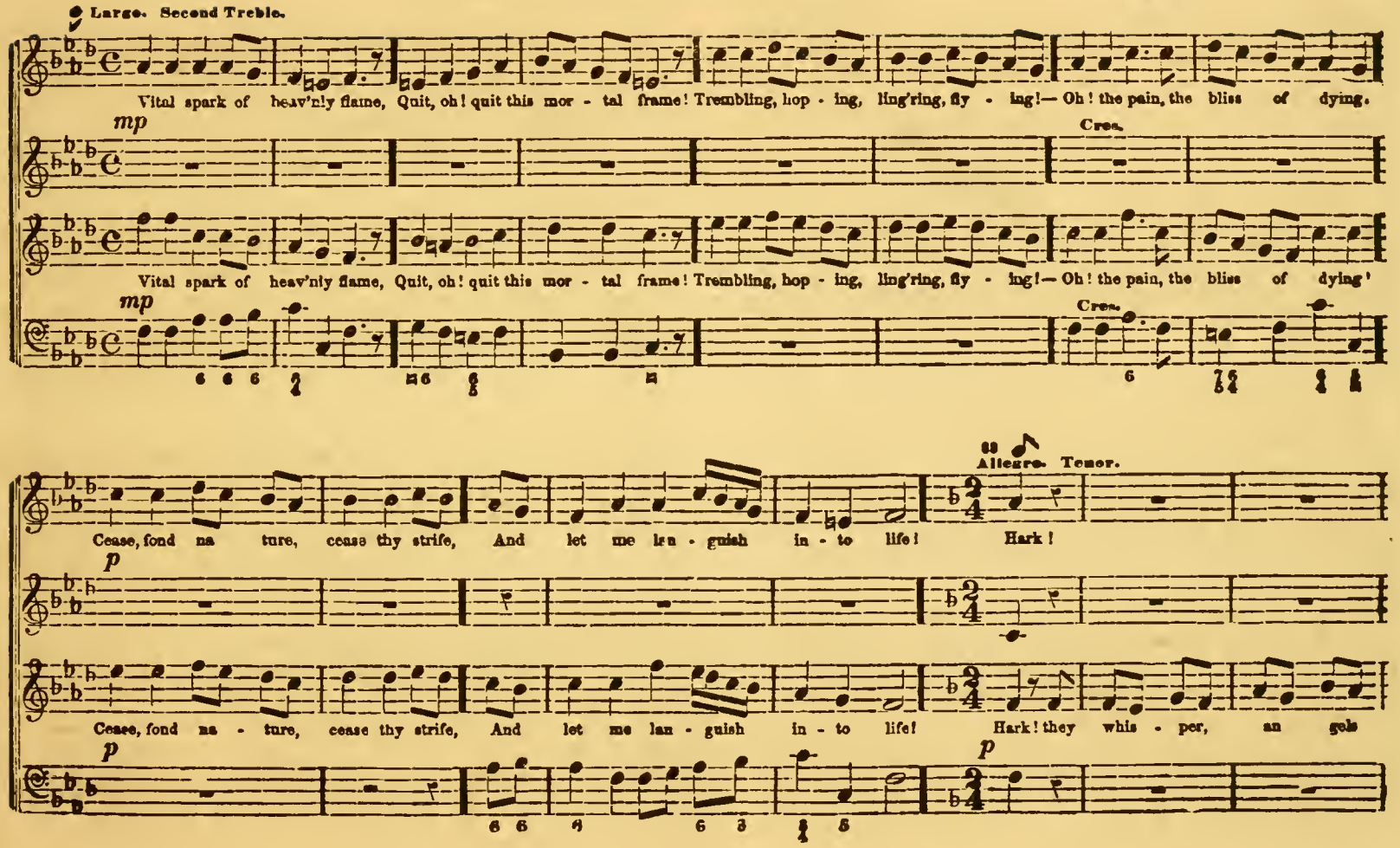
Unison. Unison.

p m f

cease to move—shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move—shall cease to move

p m f

cease to move—shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move—shall cease to move.


Large. Second Treble.
Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mor - tal frame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.
mp
Cres.
Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mor - tal frame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
mp
Cres.
Allegro. Tenor.
Cease, fond na ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life! Hark!
p
Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life! Hark! they whis - per, an gels
p
p

f Pia.

Hark! Hark! Hark! they whisper, angels say,

2d Treble.

Hark! Hark! they whisper, angels say—"Sis-ter spir-it come a - way!"

say, they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, they whisper, angels say— "Sister spir-it come a - way!"

Second Treble.

Hark! Hark! Hark!

"Sister spir - it come a-way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, steals my sens-es shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!

Cres. Pia.

f *p*

"Sister spir - it come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, steals my sens-es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath

"Sister spir - it come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, steals my sens-es, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!

f *p*

Cres. f Pia. Andante.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? my soul, can this be death! The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears;

f p p

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death! The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears;

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death! The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears;

f p p

Cres. f Dim. Cres. 112 Con Spirito.

Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I

Heav'n o pens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - raph - io ring? Lend, lend your wings! I

Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - raph - io ring! Lend, lend your wings! I

mount, I fly. O grave where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O

mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave. where is thy vic-to - ry, O

mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

Unison.

death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy

death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly,..... O grave, where is thy vic to - ry? thy vic - to ry? O grave, where is thy

death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly.

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O

f

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, ... O

vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend, your wings! I mount, I fly, O

f

O death, where is thy sting?

Adagio.

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - y? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

S. STANLEY

Larghetto. Pia. For. Pia.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on gos - pel man-na feeding, Pure, se - raphic love increase. Fill each breast with

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on gos - pel man-na feeding, Pure, se - raphic love increase. Fill each breast with

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on gos - pel man-na feeding, Pure, se - raphic love increase. Fill each breast with

For. Pia. For. Vivace.

con-so-lation, Up to thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that blissful station, Where we'll give thee nobler praise. And sing Hal-le - lu - jah, sing Hal-le - lu - jah,

con-so-lation, Up to thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that blissful station, Where we'll give thee nobler praise. And sing Hal-le - lu - jah, sing Hal-le - lu - jah

con-so lation, Up to thee our hearts we'll raise, Till we reach that blissful station, Where we'll give thee nobler praise. And sing Hal-le - lu - jah, sing Hal-le lu - jah.

sing Hal-le - lu-jah to God and the Lamb. Sing, Hal - lo - lu-jah, sing, Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing Hal-le - lu-jah to God and the Lamb. Sing Halle - lu - jah, Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-

sing Halle - lu - jah to God and the Lamb. Sing Halle - lu - jah, Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-

Sing, Halle - lu - jah, sing, Hal - le - lu - jah, Org.

Chorus.

Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.

ANTHEM "CHILD OF MORTALITY."

GRAY.

Slow. Sym.

p

Cres.

p

Treble Solo.

Child, child of mor-tal i - ty,

Child, child of mor - tal - i - ty, whence dost thou come? From the dark womb of earth I first de - rived my birth, And when the word goes forth,

Duet.

Solo.

Base Solo.

Tenor. Cho.

That is my home. From the dark womb of earth I first derived my birth, And when the word goes forth, That, that is my home.

Treble.

Second Treble.

Base.

Sym.

Tenor Solo.

p Child of a tran-sient day, There shalt thou rest: there, there, there shalt thou rest; No, when this dream is o'er,

Treble Solo.

Chorus.

Then the freed soul will soar To where sorrow comes no more, Realms of the blest. No, when this dream is o'er, Then the freed soul will soar To where sorrow

Base Solo.

comes no more, realms of the blest. Heir, heir of e - ter - ni - ty, Heir, heir of e - ter ni - ty, teach me the road

* The lower notes in the four following measures are like the original; but if thought too low, the upper notes may be sung.

Treble Solo.

Chs.

f Trust a Redeemer's love, Faith by o-

Trust a Re-deem-er's love, Faith by o- bedience prove, And share in courts a-bove, Christ's own abode.

f Trust a Redeemer's love, Faith by o-

bedience prove, And share in courts a-bove, Christ's own a-bode.

Duet. Vivace.

p There, there, in e- the-real plains, Join,

bedience prove, And share in courts a-bove, Christ's own a- bode.

Sym.

p

Cho. Solo. Cho.

f Join, join the an - gel - ic strains, Je-sus for - ev - er reigns, *p* Je-sus for - ev - er reigns. *f* Glory, glo-ry glo-ry to join the an - gel - ic strains.

p *f* Join, join the an - gel - ic strains, Je-sus for - ev - er reigns, Je-sus for - ev - er reigns. Glo-ry, glo-ry glo-ry to

Solo.

God, Glo ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God. *p* There, in e - the-real plains, Join the an -

There, in e - thereal plains, Join the an - gel - ic strains, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

God, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry to God. *p*

Cho. Solt.

gel - ic strains, *f* Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glory to God. There, in e-the-real plains, Join the an

glo - ry, Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glo-ry to God. There, in e - the-real plains. Join the an -

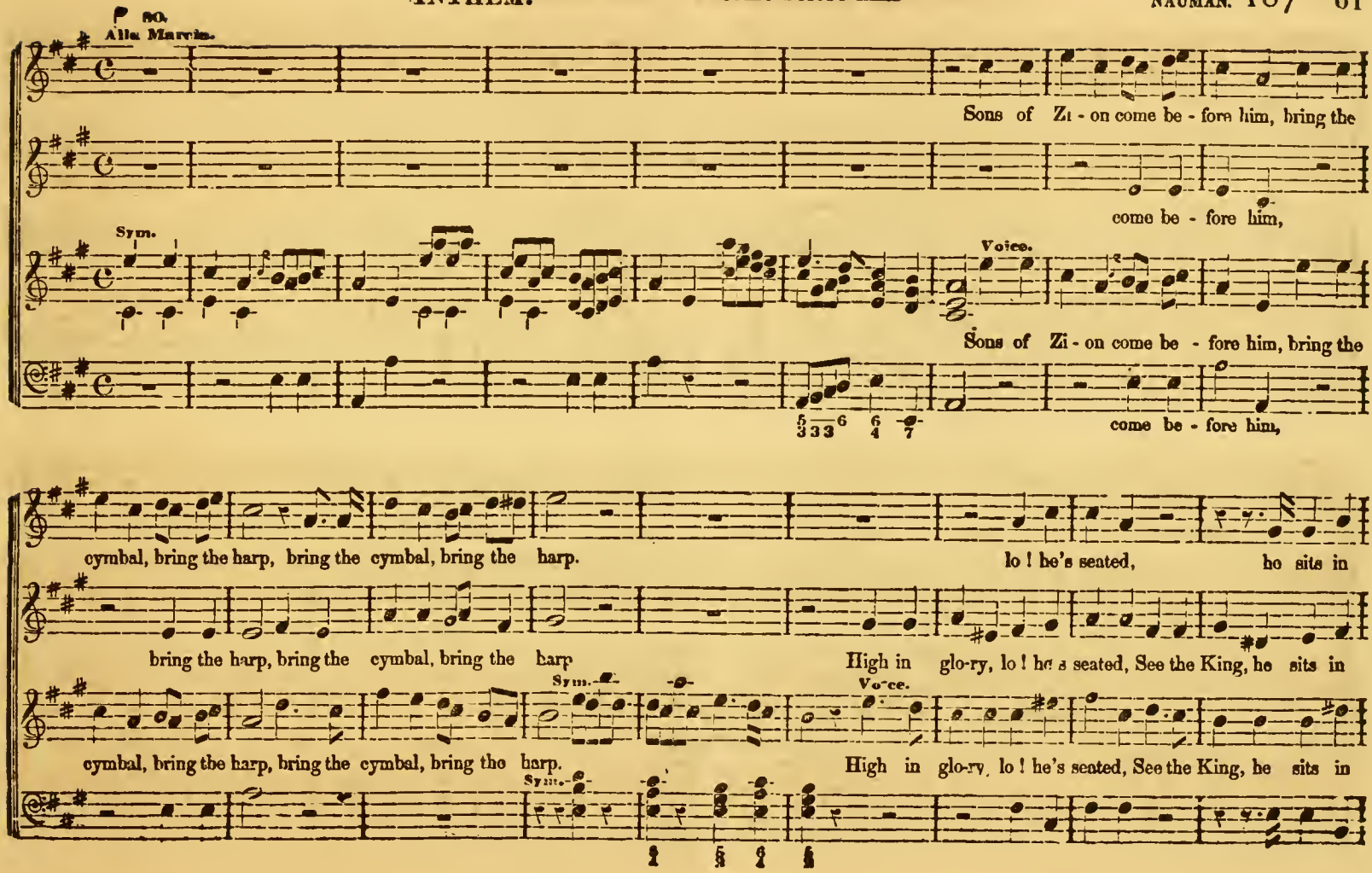
f Je - sus for - ev - er reigns, Glory to God, *p*

Cho. Adagio.

gel - ic strains, *f* Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to God, Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God.

gel-ic strains,

f Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to God, Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo-ry to God, glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God. Glo - ry to God.


80.
Alla Marcia.
Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, bring the
come be - fore him,
Sym.
Voice.
Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, bring the
come be - fore him,
cymbal, bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp.
lo ! he's seated, he sits in
bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp
High in glo-ry, lo ! he's seated, See the King, he sits in
Sym.
Voice.
cymbal, bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp.
High in glo-ry, lo ! he's seated, See the King, he sits in
Sym.

SONS OF ZION COME BEFORE HIM. CONTINUED.

state, See the King he sits in state, Sons of Zi-on come before him, sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the

state, See the King he sits in state, come be - fore him, strike the harp, sound the

Sym. Voice.

state, see the King he sits in state, Sons of Zi-on come before him, sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the

See the King he sits in state, come be-fore him, strike the harp,

Sym. Voice. Tasto.

5 3 3 3 6 6 4 6 4

lute, strike the harp, Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, Sound the

lute, strike the harp, Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, Sound the

Sym. Voice.

lute, strike the harp, Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, Sound the

Sym. Voice.

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, come be - fore him,

lute and strike the harp Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sons of Zi - on come before him, Sound the

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp, Sound the lute and harp, Sons of Zi - on come before him, Sound the

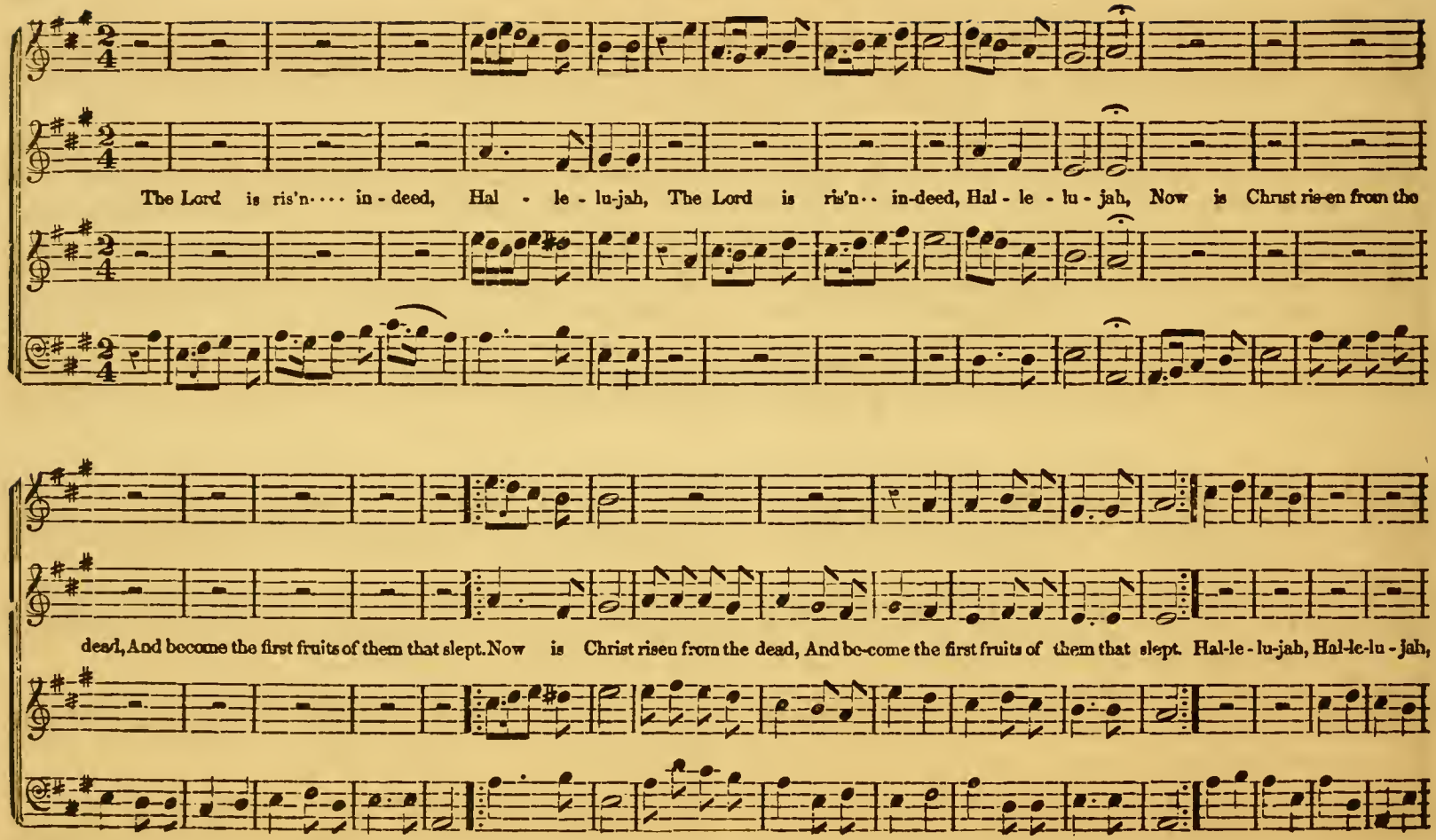
strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

lute and strike the harp Sound the lute and strike the harp, Strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

Rym. Voice.

Sound the lute and harp,


The Lord is ris'n···· in - deed, Hal - le - lu-jah, The Lord is ris'n·· in-deed, Hal - le - lu - jah, Now is Christ ris-en from the
dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, And be-come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu - jah,

f

And did he rise, And did he rise.....

Hal-le-lu-jah. And did he rise, did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, Hear it, O ye dead.

And did he rise, And did he rise,.....

And did he rise,..... And did he rise,.....

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave.

ANTHEM FOR EASTER. Concluded.

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first humani - ty triumphant past the crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - ternal youth

Man, all immortal, hail! hail! Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Th're all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, my glorious home."

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Andantetto.

Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace,

mf

Je- ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy,.... In joy and peace, In

In joy and peace, In joy..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

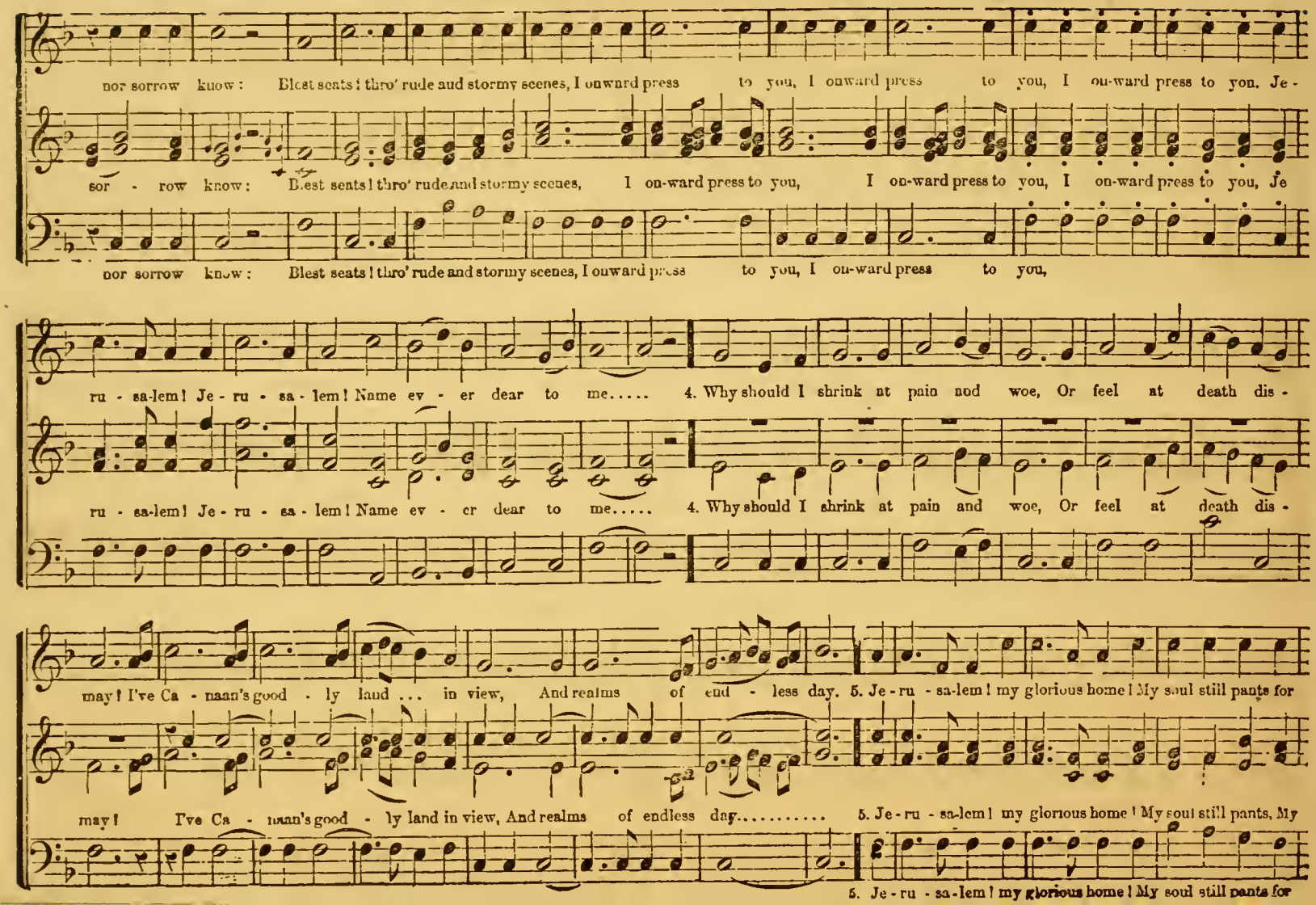
joy,.... In joy..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend:

In joy and peace, In joy..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

cend! Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend! 3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom,

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end! 3. There hap-pier bowers than E - den's bloom, No sin nor

cend! Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend! 3. Ther[illegible] an E-den's bloom,


nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to you. Je-
sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je
nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to you,
ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me..... 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis -
ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me..... 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis -
may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land ... in view, And realms of end - less day. 5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for
may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of endless day..... 5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants, My
5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

usalem, my glorious home."

thee: Then, Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I..... thy

soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I..... thy joys,.... When I..... thy

thee; Then. When I the joys, the joys shall see,

joys shall see, thy joys..... shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ev-er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!

joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ev-er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!

I AM WEARY.

Ps. 55: 8.

1. Here I find no rest; While by pain op-prest, And by sin dis-trest, I am wea-ry, am wea-ry.

2. Though this world be fair, Sin is ev-er there, And its guilt I share: I am wea-ry, am wea-ry.

3.

Yet, from heaven on high,
Christ hath heard my sigh,
Mark'd my mournful cry;
I am weary, am weary.

4

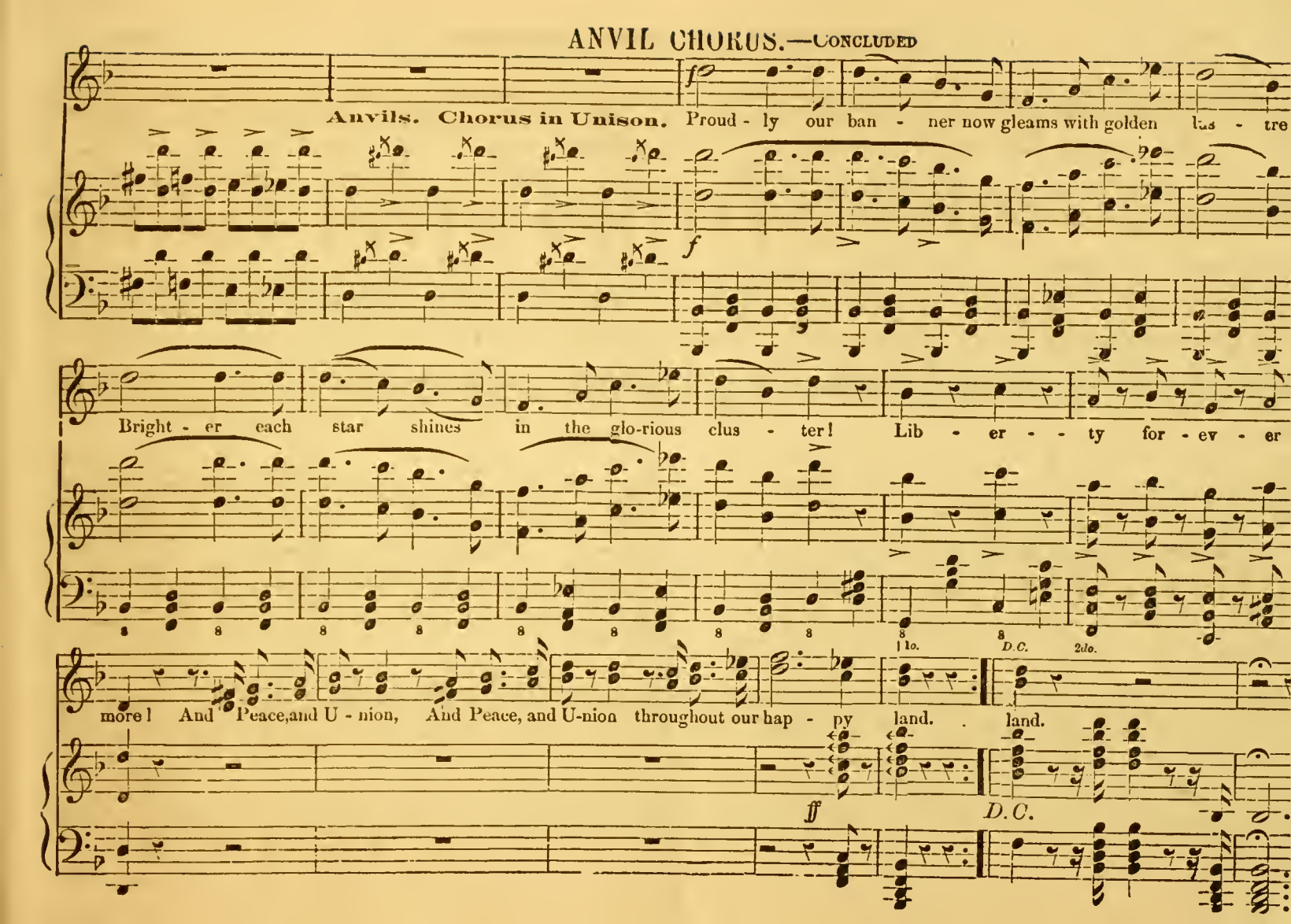
Dawn, thou heavenly light,
On my vanished sight;
Heav'n is pure and bright!
I am weary, am weary.

Allegro. M.M. ♩120. **ANVIL CHORUS,** From "Il Trovatore." Verdi.

1st time..... *2nd time.....* *Full chorus in unison.*

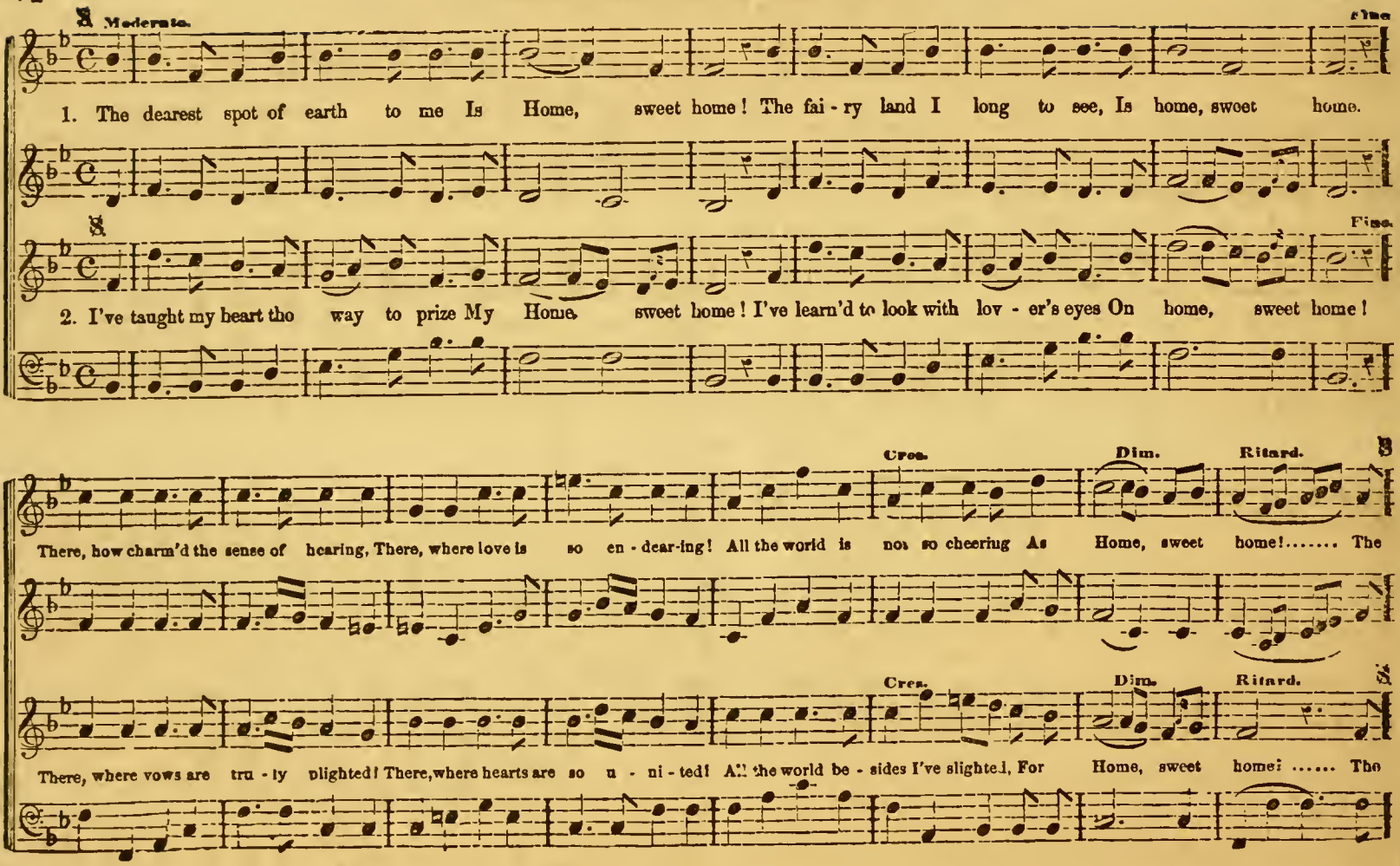
God of the Nations, in glo - ry enthroned, Upon our lov'd Country thy blessings pour; Guide us and

guard us from strife in the future, Let Peace dwell among us for ever-more!


Anvils. Chorus in Unison. Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden las - tre
f
Bright - er each star shines in the glo-rious clus - ter! Lib - er - - ty for - ev - er
more! And Peace, and U - nion, And Peace, and U-nion throughout our hap - py land. land.
1o.
D.C.
2do.
ff
D.C.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH TO ME IS HOME.

W. A. WRIGHTON.



SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS. (Auld Lang Syne.)

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind; Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And songs of auld lang syne. For
2. We've passed through many varied scenes, Since youth's unclouded day; And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams, Time's hand hath swept a-way. And
3. Yet ev - er has the light of song Illumed our darkest hours; And cheered us on life's toilsome way, And gemmed our path with flowers: The
4. Here we have met, here we may part, To meet on earth no more; And we may never sing a - gain The cherished songs of yore: The
5. But when we've crossed the sea of life, And reached the heav'nly shore, We'll sing the songs our fathers sing, Transcending those of yore: We'll

auld lang syne we meet to-night, For auld lang syne; To sing the songs our fathers sang In days of auld lang syne.
voices that once joined with ours, In days of auld lang syne, Are silent now, and blend no more In songs of auld lang syne.

sacred songs our fathers sang, Dear songs of auld lang syne; The hallowed songs our fathers sang In days of auld lang syne.

sacred songs our fathers sang, In days of auld lang syne; We may not meet to sing a - gain The songs of auld lang syne.
meet to sing di - vin - er strains Than those of auld lang syne; Im - mor - tal songs of praise, unknown In days of auld lang syne.

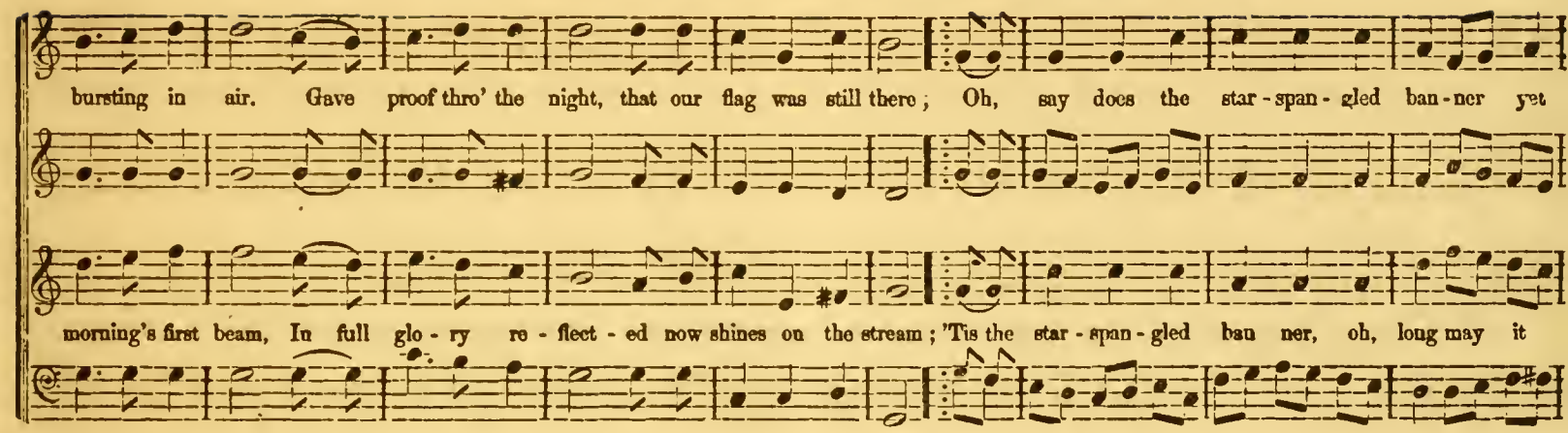
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

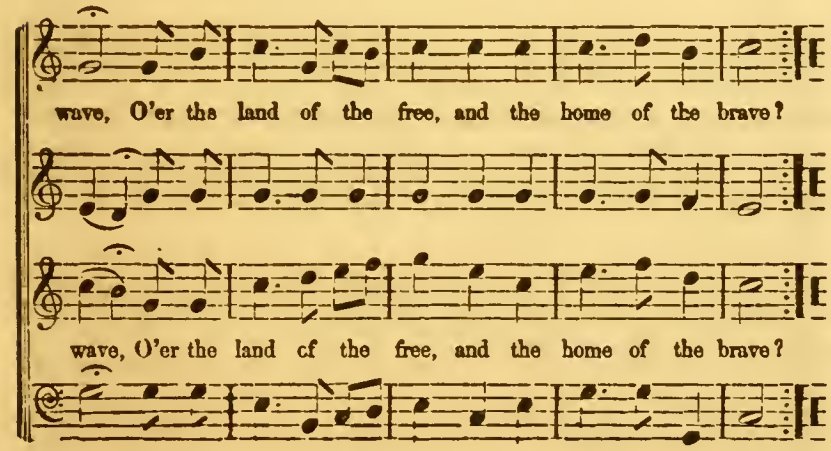
1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright

2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the

stars through the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing, And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs

breeze o'er the tow - er - ing sweep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es; Now it catch - es the gleam of the





3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4 Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail, Co - lum-bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in

2. Im - mor - tal Patriots! rise once more! Defend your rights, de - fend your shore: Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with

freedom's cause, And when the storm of war is gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let In - de - pendence be your boast, Ev - er mindful

im-pious hand In - vade the shrine, where sa-cred lies Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize, While offering peace sincere and just, In heaven we place a

what it cost. Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

man - ly trust, That truth and jus-tice may pre-vail, And every scheme of bon - dage fail. Fim, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

lib - er - ty! As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

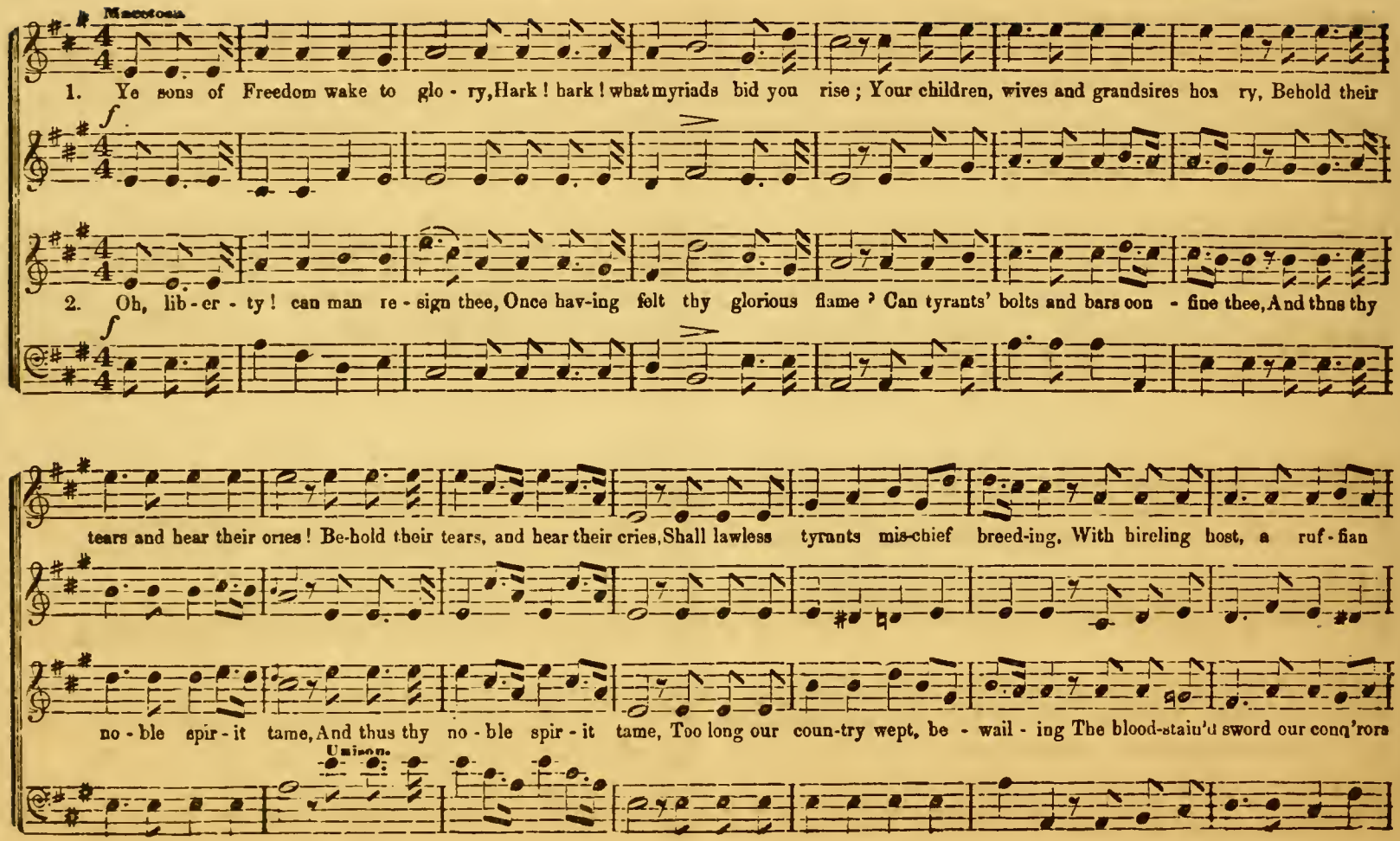
lib er - ty! As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

3 Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
: Ring through the world with loud applause! :
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace. Firm, united, &c.

4 Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands,
: The rock on which the storm will beat! :
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you,
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day
His steady mind from changes free.
Resolved on death or Liberty. Firm, united, &c.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

FRENCH AIR.



band Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The pa - triot sword un -

wield, But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The pa - triot sword un -

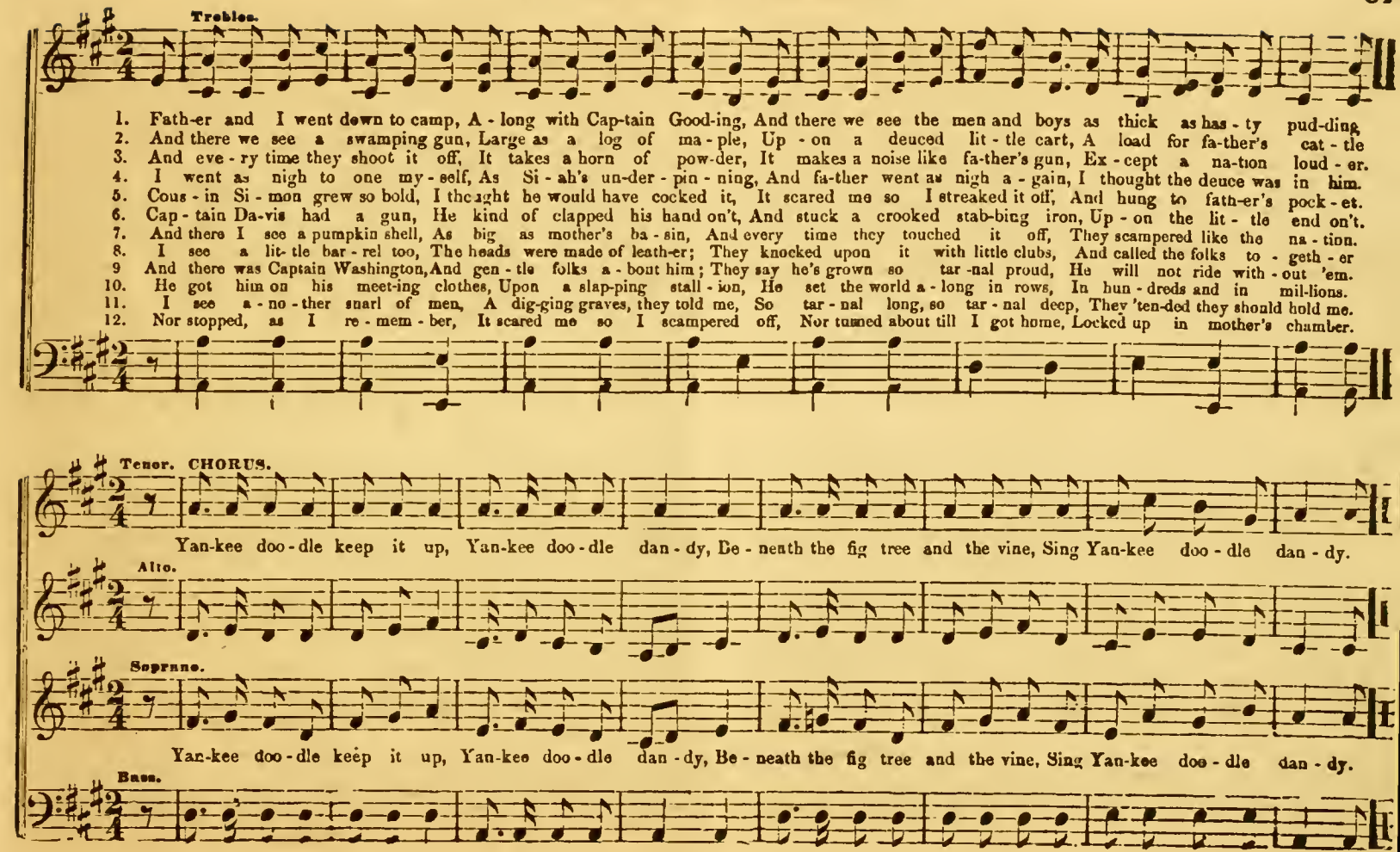
sheath, March on, March on, all hearts re-solved On lib er - ty or death, March on, March on, all hearts resolved on lib - er - ty or death

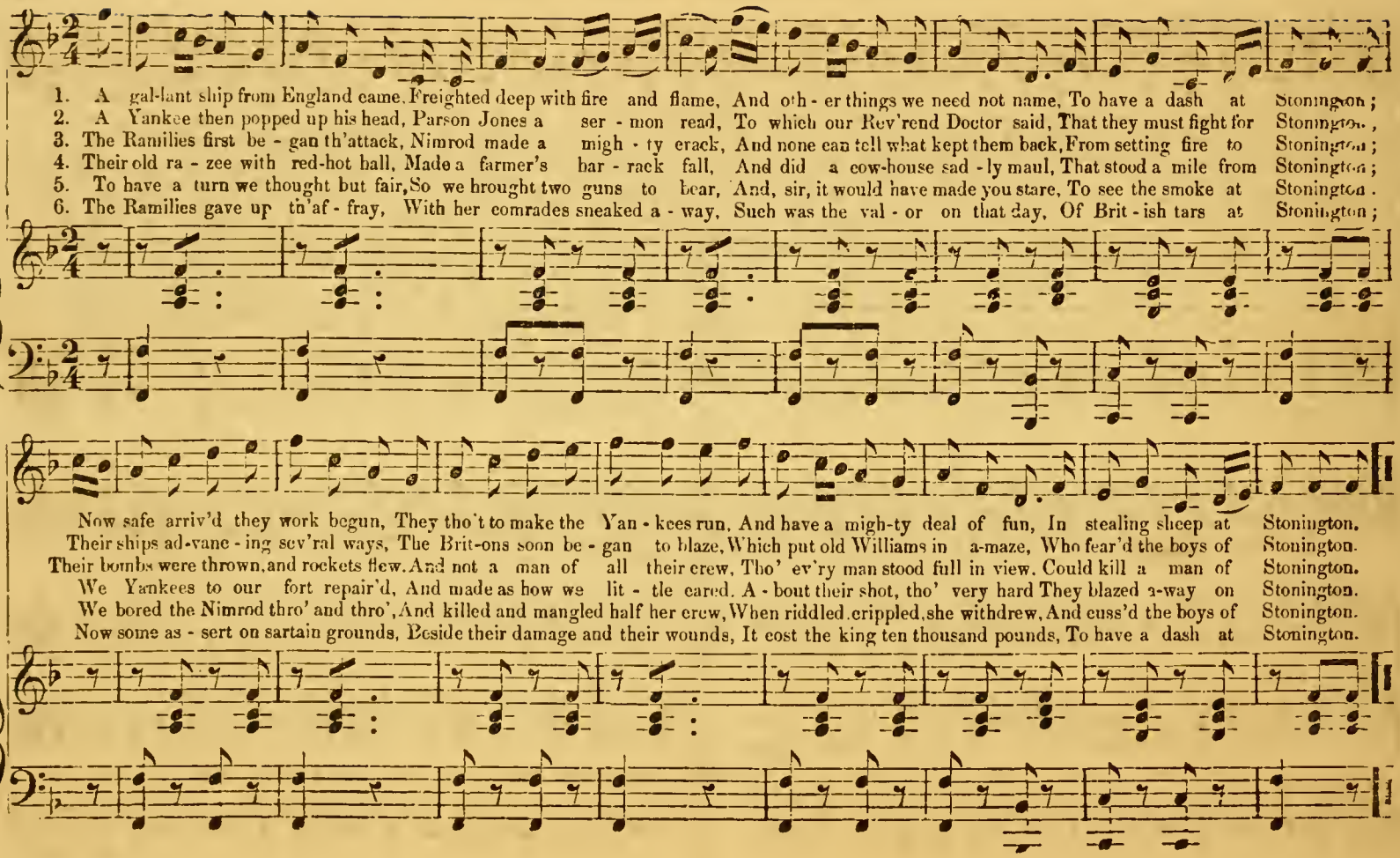
sheath, March on, March on, all hearts re solved On lib - er - ty or death, March on, March on, all hearts resolved on lib - er - ty or death.

KIDD'S LAMENT.

1. You captains bold and brave, hear my cries, hear my cries, You cap-tains bold and brave, hear my cries,.... You captains brave and bold, though you seem uncontrolled, Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls, lose your souls, Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls.
2. My name was Rob-ert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, My name was Rob-ert Kidd, when I sail'd,.... My name was Rob-ert Kidd, God's laws I did for-bid, And so wick-ed-ly I did, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, And so wick-ed-ly I did, when I sail'd.
3. My pa-rents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, To shun the gates of hell, when I sail'd,.... I curs'd my father clear, and her that did me bear, And so wick-ed-ly did swear, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, And so wick-ed-ly did swear when I sail'd
4. I'd a Bi-ble in my hand, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, But I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd,.... I made a sol-emn vow to God I would not bow, Nor my-self one pray'r al-low, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, Nor my-self one pray'r al-low, when I sail'd.
5. I mur-dered Wil-liam Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd, And left him in his gore, as I sailed.... And be-ing cru-el still my gun-ner I did kill, And much precious blood did spill, as I sail'd, as I sail'd And much precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.
6. I took three ships from France, when I sail'd, when I sail'd, Like-wise three more from Spain, when I sail'd,.... But fourteen more by three, they were too much for me, I am conquered now you see, and must die, and must die, Fare-well the rag-ing sea, I must die.
7. To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die, and must die, At Ex-e-cu-tion Dock I must die, ... Come, all you young and old, you're wel-come to my gold, For by it I've lost my soul, lost my soul, and must die, For by it I've lost my soul, fare you well

YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP. (Yankee Doodle.)




1. A gal-lant ship from England came. Freighted deep with fire and flame, And oth - er things we need not name, To have a dash at Stonington;
2. A Yankee then popped up his head, Parson Jones a ser - mon read, To which our Rev'rend Doctor said, That they must fight for Stonington,
3. The Ramilies first be - gan th'attack, Nimrod made a migh - ty crack, And none can tell what kept them back, From setting fire to Stonington;
4. Their old ra - zee with red-hot ball, Made a farmer's bar - rack fall, And did a cow-house sad - ly maul, That stood a mile from Stonington;
5. To have a turn we thought but fair, So we brought two guns to bear, And, sir, it would have made you stare, To see the smoke at Stonington.
6. The Ramilies gave up th'af - fray, With her comrades sneaked a - way, Such was the val - or on that day, Of Brit - ish tars at Stonington;
Now safe arriv'd they work begun, They tho't to make the Yan - kees run, And have a migh-ty deal of fun, In stealing sheep at Stonington.
Their ships ad-vanc - ing sev'ral ways, The Brit-ons soon be - gan to blaze, Which put old Williams in a-maze, Who fear'd the boys of Stonington.
Their bombs were thrown, and rockets flew. And not a man of all their crew, Tho' ev'ry man stood full in view. Could kill a man of Stonington.
We Yankees to our fort repair'd, And made as how we lit - tle cared. A - bout their shot, tho' very hard They blazed a-way on Stonington.
We bored the Nimrod thro' and thro', And killed and mangled half her crew, When riddled, crippled, she withdrew, And cuss'd the boys of Stonington.
Now some as - sert on sartain grounds, Beside their damage and their wounds, It cost the king ten thousand pounds, To have a dash at Stonington.

1. There was an old la - dy lived o - ver the sea, And she was an Is - land Queen · Her daughter lived off in a new coun-trie, With an o - cean of wa - ter be - tween, The old la - dy's pockets were full of gold, But nev - er con - tent - ed was she,.... So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax, Of three pence a pound on her tea, Of three pence a pound on her tea.

2. Now mother, dear mother, the daughter re - plied, I shant do the thing you ax, ... I'm will - ing to pay a fair price for the tea, But nev - er the three pen-ny tax;.... You shall, quoth the mother, and reddenʼd with rage, For you're my own daughter you see,.... And sure, 'tis quite prop - er the daughter should pay, Her moth - er a tax on her tea, Her moth - er a tax on her tea

3. And so the old la - dy her ser - vant called up, And packed off a budget of tea;... And ea - ger for three peace a pound, She put in enough for a large fam - i - lie,.... She order'd her servants to bring home the tax, De - clar - ing her child should o - bey,.... Or old as she was, and al - most woman grown, She'd half whip her life a - way, She'd half whip her life a - way.

4. The tea was con-veyed to the daughter's door, All down by the o - cean's side; And the bouncing girl pour'd out eve - ry pound, In the dark and boil - ing tide;.... And then she called out to the Is - land Queen, Oh, mother, dear mother, quoth she,.... Your tea you may have when 'tis steep'd enough, But nev - er a tax from me, But nev - er a tax from me.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE. 6s & 4s. (AMERICA.)

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty—Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain-side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4. Our father's God! to thee—Author of lib-er-ty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light—Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

1. Our flag is there! Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! Our flag is there! Behold the glorious stripes and stars! Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it

2. That flag has stood the battle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave, Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r, And found a speedy, wat'ry grave; That flag is now on ev'ry shore, The standard of a

Bis.

mast-head high, And oh! to see how proud it waves Brings tears of joy to ev'ry eye. Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas, Our flag is there! Our flag is there! Behold the glorious stripes and stars.

gallant band, Alike sustain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er freedom's happy land. Our flag is there! &c.

CHORUS.

Note. This can be used as a Duett by singing the two upper lines.

Fine

1. Home a - gain, Home a - gain, from a foreign shore, And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee; But oh! the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;

Fine

3. Mu - sic sweet, Mu - sic soft, Lin-gers round the place, And oh! I feel the childhood-charm, That time can - not ef - face, Then

D. C.

Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To cross the ocean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kindly greet me home;

And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long-er roam; But death a - lone can break the tie; That binds my heart to home

D. C.

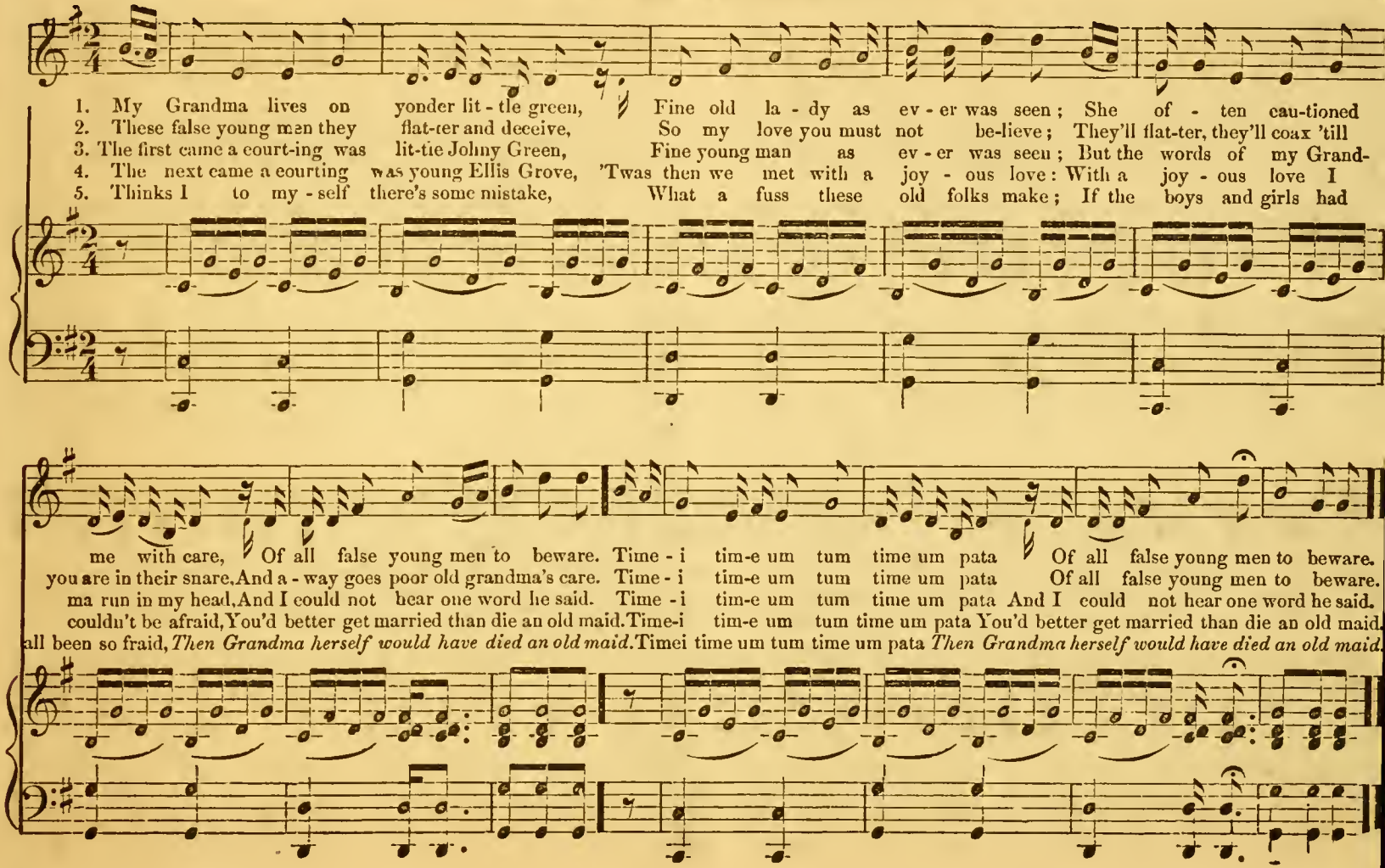
give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal-ace dome; For I can live a hap-py life, With those I love at home;

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the ro - sy time of the year, Sweet
2. Jock - y was a wag that nev - er would wed, Tho' long he had fol - low'd the lass, Con -
3. But when he vow'd he would make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and herds were not few. She

flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his dear; Bon-ny Jock-y blithe and gay,
tented she earn'd and ate her own bread, And mer-ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon-ny Jock-y blithe and free,
gave him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for-ev-er be true. Bon-ny Jock-y blithe and free,

Kiss'd sweet Jenny makin' hay, The lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do..... I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle too.
Won her heart right mer ri-ly, Yet still she blush'd and frowning cry'd No, no, it will not do..... I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle too.
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At church she no more frowning cry'd No, no, it will not do..... I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle too.


1. My Grandma lives on yonder lit - tle green, Fine old la - dy as ev - er was seen; She of - ten cau-tioned
2. These false young men they flat-ter and deceive, So my love you must not be-lieve; They'll flat-ter, they'll coax 'till
3. The first came a court-ing was lit-tie Johny Green, Fine young man as ev - er was seen; But the words of my Grand-
4. The next came a courting was young Ellis Grove, 'Twas then we met with a joy - ous love: With a joy - ous love I
5. Thinks I to my - self there's some mistake, What a fuss these old folks make; If the boys and girls had
me with care, Of all false young men to beware. Time - i tim-e um tum time um pata Of all false young men to beware.
you are in their snare, And a - way goes poor old grandma's care. Time - i tim-e um tum time um pata Of all false young men to beware.
ma run in my head, And I could not hear one word he said. Time - i tim-e um tum time um pata And I could not hear one word he said.
couldn't be afraid, You'd better get married than die an old maid. Time-i tim-e um tum time um pata You'd better get married than die an old maid.
all been so fraid, *Then Grandma herself would have died an old maid.* Timei time um tum time um pata *Then Grandma herself would have died an old maid.*

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

1. Way down up - on de Swanee ribber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py days I squander'd, Many de songs I sung.
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still longing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
When I was playing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I, Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
When will I see de bees a humming, All 'round the comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS

SOP. & ALTO.

TENOR.

All de world am sad and dreary Eb-ry where I roam, Oh, Darkies how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

BASS.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

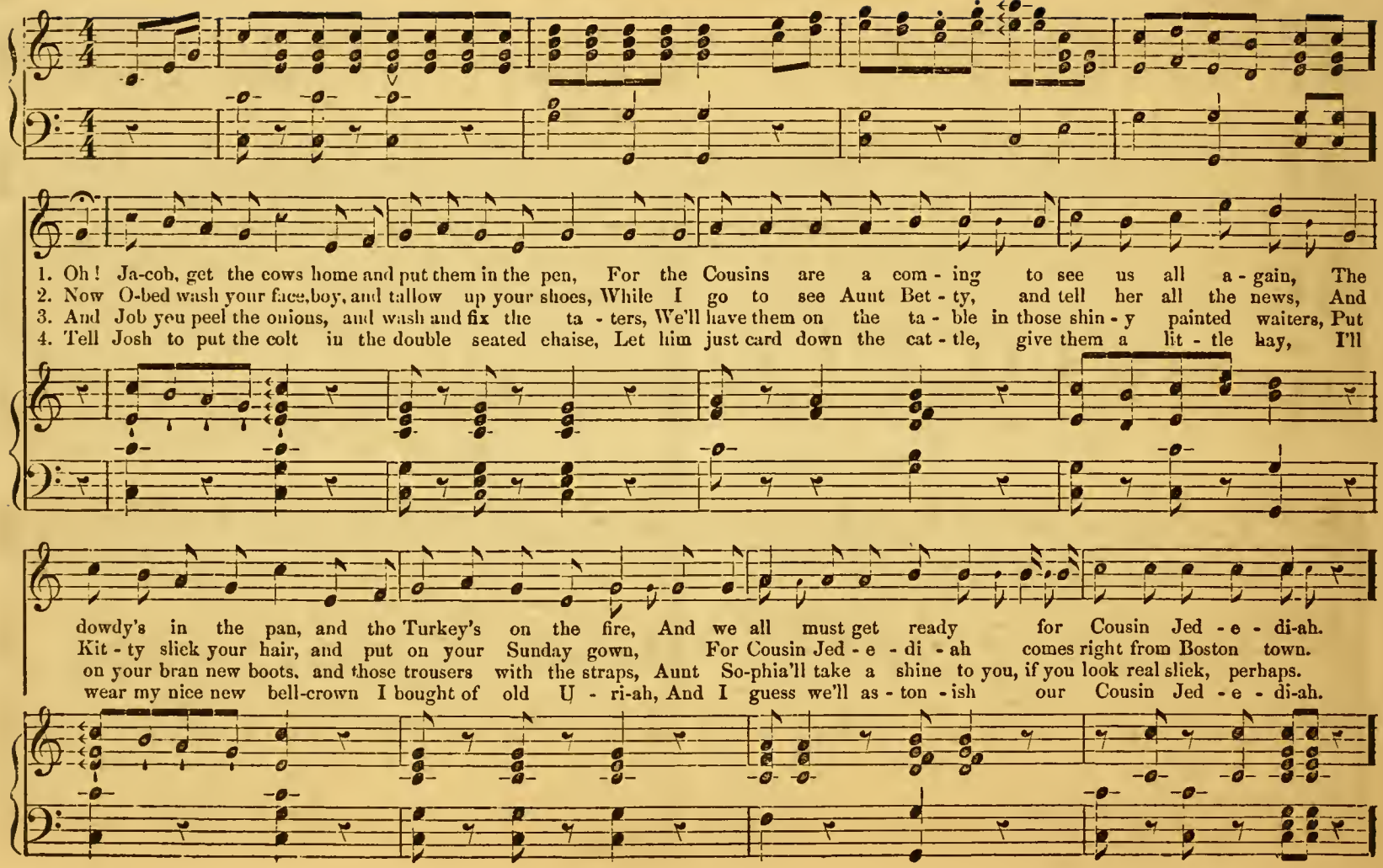
1. 'Tis the last rose of Summer, Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

COUSIN JEDEDIAH.

H. S. THOMPSON



CHORUS.

AIR.

And Aunt Sophia. All coming here to tea, Oh!

ALTO.

And A-za-riah, All coming here to tea, Oh!

TENOR.

There's Hezekiah, All coming here to tea, Oh!

BASS.

Cousin Jed - e - di - ah, And Jed - e - di - ah, All coming here to tea, Oh!

wont we have a jol - ly time, Oh! wont we have a jol - ly time, Je - ru-sha put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.

wont we have a jol - ly time, Oh! wont we have a jol - ly time, Je - ru-sha put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.

WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING.

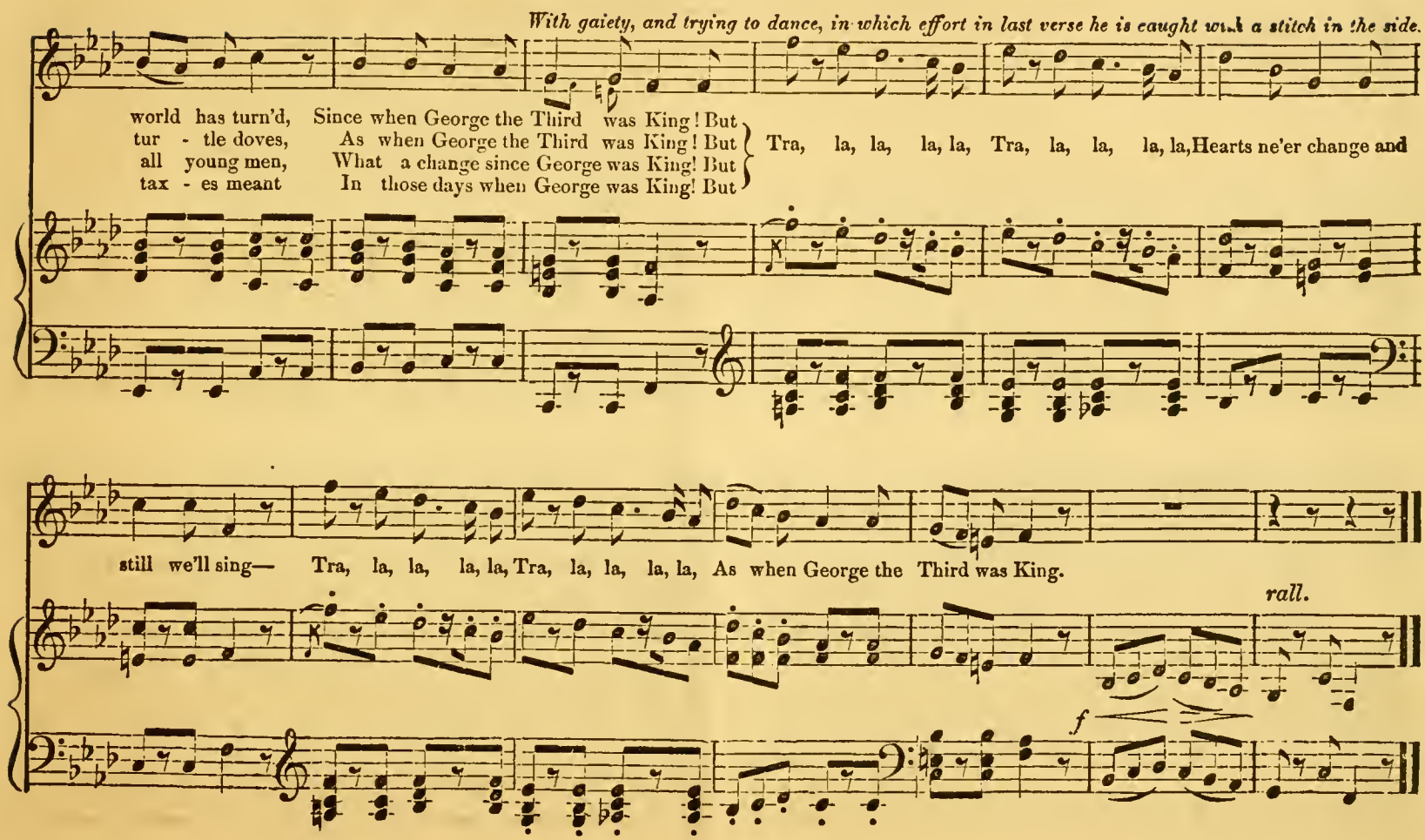
This piece must be sung in the costume of a very old man, bent with age and infirmity, and using a cane.

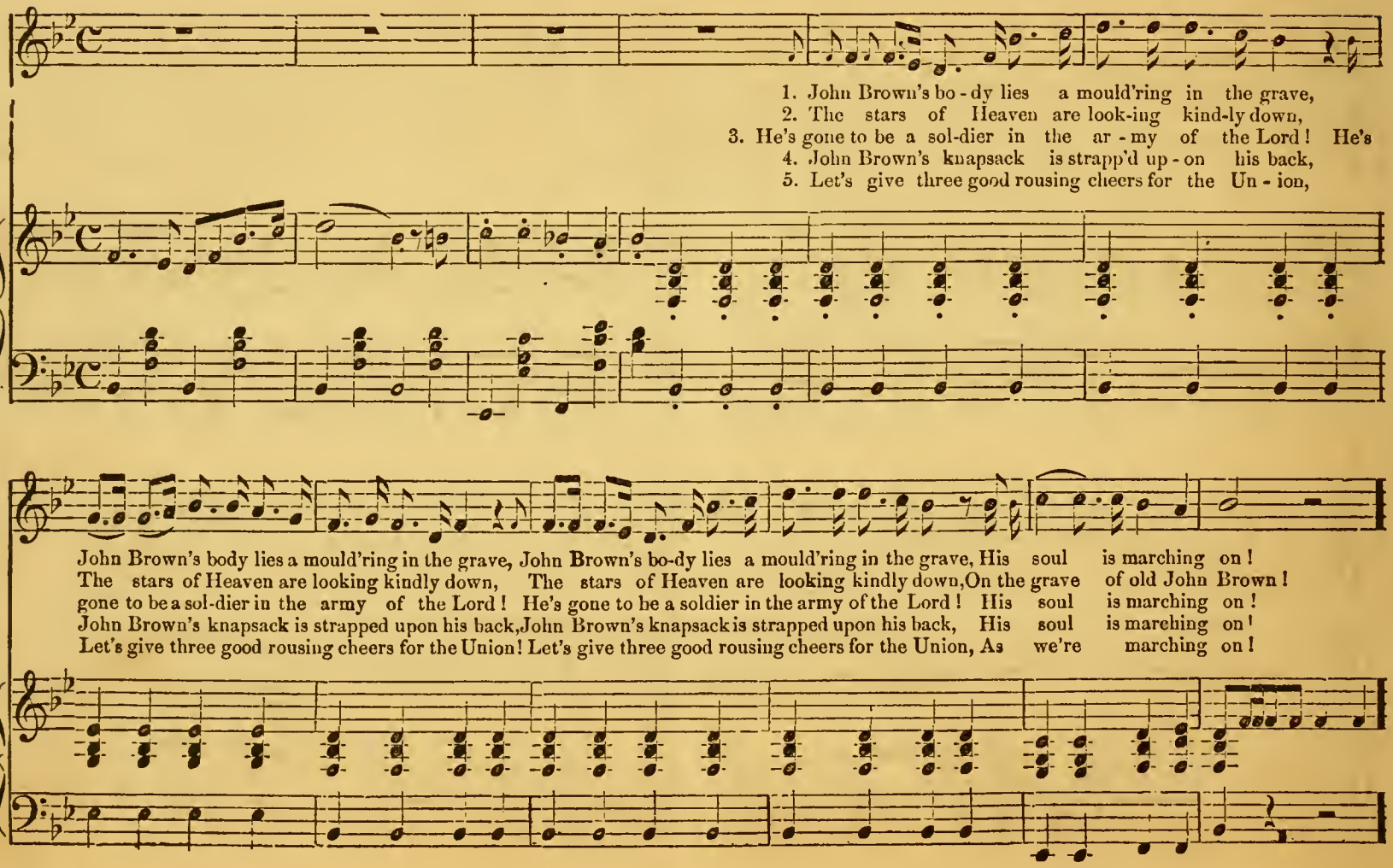
Andante.

1. Times in-deed do great - ly change, In a lapse of three score years; Ev' - ry thing seems new and strange,
2. Wives are now so ve - ry *dear* Hus - bands are be - com - ing rare; Twice a thousand pounds a year Will
3. Fain we'd watch with joy se - rene, Spor - tive childhood's gay de - light; No - where can a child be seen,
4. La - dies dress in this fast age So - ber rea - son quite ap - palls; Maid and Mis - tress both a - like;

p

E'en the language that one hears; Dress, and cos-tumes late - ly learn'd, Sheer dismay to all must bring— Up-side down the
scarce suf - fice a mar - ried pair! E - ven then con - nu - bial loves, Judg - ing what *Di-vorce courts* bring, Aint so much like
They've gone out of fash - ion, quite! Girls are wo - men now at ten! Airs and grac - es, ev' - ry-thing! Lit - tle boys are
Sport their hoops and wa - ter - falls. Tax - es too were once so rare, Now we feel their dai - ly sting— We scarcely knew what


With gaiety, and trying to dance, in which effort in last verse he is caught with a stitch in the side.
world has turn'd, Since when George the Third was King! But
tur - tle doves, As when George the Third was King! But
all young men, What a change since George was King! But
tax - es meant In those days when George was King! But
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Hearts ne'er change and
still we'll sing— Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, As when George the Third was King.
rall.
f


1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
2. The stars of Heaven are look-ing kind-ly down,
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord! He's
4. John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd up - on his back,
5. Let's give three good rousing cheers for the Un - ion,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, His soul is marching on!
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
gone to be a sol-dier in the army of the Lord! He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, His soul is marching on!
Let's give three good rousing cheers for the Union! Let's give three good rousing cheers for the Union, As we're marching on!

Chorus.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - jah - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.—CHO.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah.
His truth is marching.

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—CHO.

3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.—CHO.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHO.

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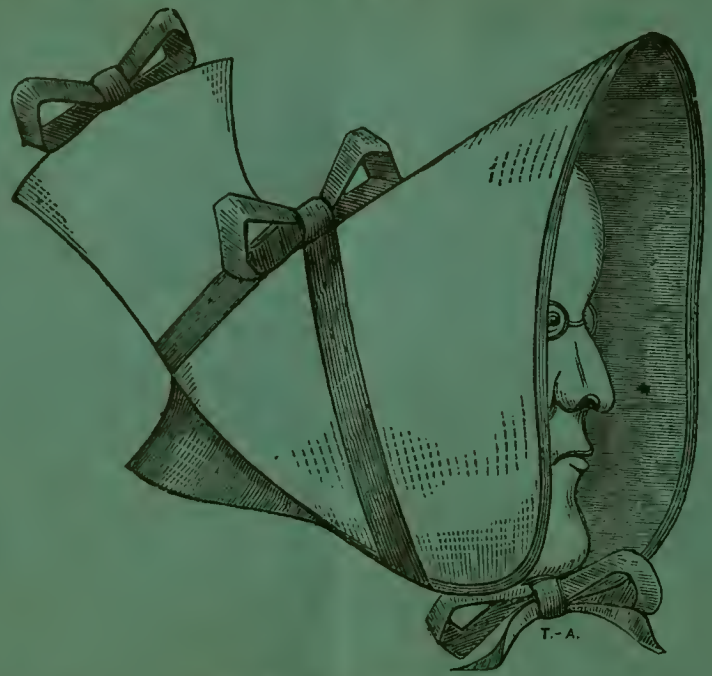

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